MEMOIRS

OF *J. Nelson*

LYDIA TONGUEPAD,

AND

JULIANA CLACK-IT.

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OF

LYDIA TONGUE-PAD.

AND

JULIANA CLACK-IT.

Their untir'd Lips a wordy Torrent pour.

HESIOD.

I muſt confeſs I am ſo wonderfully charm'd with the Muſick of this little Inſtrument (a Woman's Tongue) *that I would by no Means diſcourage it.*

ADDISON.

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THE MEMOIRS OF & LYDIA TONGUE-PAD AND JULIANA CLACK-IT.

Some Account of Lydia Tongue-pad, *by way of Introduction.*

LYDIA TONGUE-PAD, is endued by Heaven and Nature with Beauty to command all Hearts.-- Her Eyes alone are ſufficient Teſtimonies of that everlaſting Spring of Wit which

feeds their radiant Fires; — the ſweet Compoſure which ſits on every fine turn'd Feature, ſpeaks the angelick Harmony that reigns within her Breaſt, and that Majeſty which is inſeparable from her whole Perſon, declares the Dignity of her Sentiments, without the Aid of Words; yet does not this great and amiable Lady diſdain to improve her Charms by an elegant Converſation with thoſe ſhe permits to ſee her; for tho' once the Pride and Darling of a Court ſhe was born to ornament, ſhe now avoids all Courts, and from the giddy Pomp, ſo dazzling to little Minds, and Noiſe and Hurry of a tumultuous titled Throng, retires to indulge true Happineſs among a ſelected Few in her own *Houſe*.

All idle Ceremonies, — all Cards, — all Scandal are baniſh'd hence. — Wit and good Humour are the only Things

in

in Faſhion here: The fine Senſe of *Lydia* is too well known for any one, not utterly loſt in their own Vanity, to utter before her thoſe Impertinencies which paſs well enough; nay, and are ſometimes applauded in other *Places*, and the Sweetneſs of her Diſpoſition too conſpicuous for any one to hold an Argument in her Company to the Prejudice of an abſent Perſon.

None can be poſſeſs'd of a Virtue which her harmonious Tongue does not magnify; or a Fault which ſhe does not ſhadow over by enhancing the Value of ſome good Quality in the Perſon guilty of it. —— She excuſes the *Whims* of the *Virtuoſo*, on Account of his *Philoſophy*. —— The *Vanity* of the *Poet*, for the Sake of his *good Verſes*. —— The *Auſterity* of the *Prude*, in reſpect to the *Virtue* ſhe aſſumes; and even the *Affectation* of the *Coquet*, for

the *Diverſion* ſhe affords the *Company*. Rarely indeed do any of theſe find Place in her Circle; but when by Chance they do in a manner force themſelves into it, they are treated by her, while preſent, with a Sweetneſs and Affability which hinders them from ſeeing how diſpleaſing their Foibles are to her, and after they are gone, ſhe either not mentions them at all, or with the Lenity I have ſaid.

I had the Honour ſome Time ago to be introduced, by a particular Friend, into this polite Lady's Company, and was received by the charming *Lydia* with that enchanting Condeſcention ſhe always behaves with to her Inferiors, in order to remove that Conſtraint her high Birth might otherwiſe lay them under, and deprive them of that Freedom of Speech which is the Life of Converſation.

We

We went too early to find much Company there; except the Sopha on which the admirable *Lydia* was ſeated, there were but three Places taken up. The one by *Caſtalio*, a Gentleman than whom there is ſcarce to be found a Perſon more accompliſh'd, that has a greater Capacity, or a Taſte more refin'd.

The ſecond was fill'd by *Doraſtus*, a Man of Quality, but infinitely more diſtinguiſh'd for the Excellency of his Morals, and fine Breeding, than for his Rank.——The Third of this amiable Company was *Juliana Clack-it*, by ſome call'd the *Lovely*, by others the *Witty:* 'Tis certain, indeed, ſhe ſo well deſerves both theſe Appellations, that 'tis difficult to determine in which of them ſhe moſt outſhines the Generality of her Sex. That Friend, to whoſe Intereſt I was indebted for my Admiſſion, is call'd *Lothario*, and the

Deference I found here paid him, convinced me that he was no leſs deſerving than I had always believed him to be. As ſoon as the firſt Compliments were over, and we had ſeated ourſelves: *Lothario*, ſaid *Lydia* to him with a Smile, we were entering into a Diſcourſe of the Paſſions: —— Pray, favour us with your Opinion, which of them it is that renders a Perſon moſt obnoxious to Society; and conſequently, which it is a generous Mind ought chiefly to guard itſelf againſt?

As I know not, Madam, *anſwer'd he*, on what Occaſion this Argument was firſt ſtarted, it will be very difficult for me to draw any Concluſion. —— Much may be ſaid both for and againſt all the Paſſions, if we conſider the good and bad Conſequences each of them ſometimes produce; but for my

my Part, I am ſo far from being an Enemy to thoſe Emotions of the Soul, which are call'd the Paſſions, that I think, without them, we ſhould be dull, ſpiritleſs Creatures, and incapable of every ſocial Virtue.

Lothario is in the right, rejoin'd *Caſtalio*, it is to the Inſtigations of the Paſſions that we owe all the great and generous Actions that have been done in the World. Even Virtue would be cold, and we ſhould act but faintly in her Cauſe, were we not animated by ſomewhat more than barely the Performance of a Duty. The Stoicks, who boaſt of ſubduing all the Motions incident to Humanity, are but a ſour, ill-natur'd Set of Mortals, neither happy in themſelves, nor capable of making others ſo: —They content themſelves with doing no Miſchief in the World, without ever attempting any

Action which might be of Service either to Mankind in general, or the Commonwealth in particular, of which they are unworthy Members.

It muſt be a bad Cauſe indeed, ſaid *Juliana*, laughing, that ſo much Wit cannot defend; but all you can alledge will never convince me, that even that Inactivity you mention is not to be preferr'd to thoſe Diſorders, and Irregularities, which are excited by the Paſſions.

Doubtleſs, Madam, reply'd *Doraſtus*, as it is better not to be at all than to be Wicked, ſo it is better to have no Paſſions, than ſuch as in their Effect, are pernicious to Society; but this I do not look upon to be a Fault of the Paſſions themſelves, but of the Extravagance or Corruption of the Heart that harbours them.——Every *Virtue*, when

when carried beyond a certain Limit, becomes a *Vice*.——Thoſe ſtrong Propenſities, thoſe Deſires which are born with us, are certainly implanted in our Mind, in order to invigorate the Proſecution of praiſe-worthy Aims; ſo that it is not the Paſſions, but the Bent we give them, which occaſions all the Miſchief complain'd of.—— What is *Ambition*, but a noble Thirſt of Glory, and a Wiſh to attain the Reward due to the great Action it inſpires us to attempt? —— Without this, what General would expoſe his Blood? What Stateſman waſte his Labours for his Country's Service? But when the Point in View is gain'd, and the yet reſtleſs Mind wants ſomething more, and flies to unwarrantable Means to ſatisfy its Cravings; then does Ambition become dangerous, and often involves not only the Perſon thus actua-

ted, but whole Kingdoms in Confuſion. The ſame may be ſaid of all the Paſſions. —— Even *Envy*, the worſt and baſeſt Emotion of the Mind, has its Riſe from *Emulation*, than which there cannot be a greater Incentive to laudable Actions: So that in fine, all Paſſions regulated by Virtue, become ſo many Ornaments to it, as thoſe under the Direction of a vicious Inclination, are ſo many Engines of Ruin, Confuſion, and Deſtruction.

What *Doraſtus* has ſaid on this Head, reply'd *Lydia*, carries a Self-conviction with it, and one cannot, without being wholly ignorant of what paſſes in one's own Mind, deny the Truth of it. But, ſince all the Paſſions, tho' ever ſo laudable in themſelves, are liable to bring us into Incoveniences, by being too much indulg'd; I muſt return to my former

former Queſtion, which of them it moſt behoves us to keep within its due Bounds?

Tho' the leaſt qualified of this Company, ſaid *Lothario*, to give the illuſtrious *Lydia* the Satisfaction ſhe deſires, yet as the Queſtion was firſt put to me, I will take upon me to anſwer, that in this Caſe, no definite Rule can be admitted; Circumſtances and Conſtitution make a wide Difference. For Example, the Man *cold* and *phlegmatick* by Nature, would find little Advantage in mortifying thoſe *tranſient* and *faint Inclinations*, which now and then ſeize him, on the Sight of a *a beautiful Woman*.——Nor would the World be a Whit the happier, ſhould the Wretch, born to *command* only *his Dog*, endeavour to moderate ſome Deſires he may poſſibly feel within himſelf to *lord it*

over

over his Fellow Subjects. — To the *Princes*, and the *great Ones* of the Earth, and in fine, to all who have the *Power* to *oppreſs*, it belongs to quell thoſe Seeds of *Tyranny*, which elſe might render thoſe beneath them miſerable.— To the *warm* and *ſanguine Complection*, it belongs to curb thoſe violent Emotions which are calléd *Love*. — In the ſame Manner you may reaſon on all the Paſſions.——Every one knows beſt to what his Nature is moſt prone, and how far he has the Means of *prejudicing others*, by *pleaſing himſelf*; and it is that *favourite Inclination*, to whatſoever Object it tends, that we are moſt to guard againſt; for even *Devotion* may become a *Crime*, when the Exceſs degenerates into *Superſtition* or *Enthuſiaſm*.

You have anſwer'd in the Manner I expected, return'd *Lydia*, and I am very

very glad to find a Perſon of *Lothario*'s good Underſtanding of the ſame Way of thinking with myſelf. But, continued ſhe, tho' I agree with you in the main Point, methinks you aſcribe rather too much to Conſtitution, and thereby diminiſh the Merit of *good Actions*, as well as ſoften that Averſion we ought always to conceive for *ill ones*.

Pardon me, Madam, reſumed he, haſtily; I only ſaid that Conſtitution may incline us ſtrongly, but not compel us to any Thing.——We have Reaſon given us to diſcover the weak Part in our Minds, and call in the Aſſiſtance of Virtue to fortify it. So that the Errors our Inadvertency plunges us into, find no Shadow of Excuſe from my Argument.

This is clearing yourſelf but by Halves of the Injuſtice I have charg'd you with, ſaid *Lydia*; for if Errors find

find no Excuſe from Conſtitution, the Good ariſing from it loſes alſo its Merit, —— and to have regular and innocent Inclinations is rather a Bleſſing than a Virtue. —— Indeed, *Lothario*, human Nature is little obliged to you, for pretending to aſſert it muſt have a corrupt and vicious Propenſity, in order to deſerve the Name of virtuous.

O Madam, cried *Caſtalio*, you refine too much on the Argument; I dare undertake to anſwer for *Lothario*, that he never meant true Virtue could alone be prov'd by ſubduing a Propenſity to vile Actions. —— There is no Neceſſity a Man ſhould be born with the Inclinations of *Socrates*, to merit the Praiſes given to that Philoſopher for his Virtue. Perfection is not the Portion of Fleſh and Blood; and as we all have ſome things in us to correct,

who-

whoever is capable of doing that, wants nothing of conſummate Virtue.——Of this, Madam, continued he, bowing to *Juliana*, I need go no further than yourſelf for a Proof.——I am certain you never look in your Glaſs without beholding Charms which might, in a manner, authoriſe your Contempt of every thing you can ſee out of it; yet with what Sweetneſs, what Affability do you treat all the World!——And ſhall one preſume to ſay this is not Virtue in you!——A Self-denial, which, it muſt be own'd, equals all that can be ſaid of the Temperance of *Scipio*, or that other great Conqueror, who, tho' periſhing for Thirſt, refus'd the proferr'd Cup, becauſe it contained not ſufficient for his whole Army to participate.

Juliana bluſh'd exceſſively, and *Lydia* laugh'd at the Turn *Caſtalio* had given

given to this Diſpute. *Lothario*, who began to think he had gone too far, and was poſſibly a little perplex'd how to bring himſelf handſomely off, thank'd him for this ſeaſonable Relief; and the Converſation had doubtleſs continued longer on this Head, if a titled Coxcomb had not that Moment roll'd into the Room, and, with an Innundation of Impertinence, interrupted the Current of good Senſe.——He had been that Morning at the Rehearſal of a new Play, and we were teiz'd near three quarters of an Hour with his ridiculous Remarks on the Scenery, the Plot, and Diction. The Poet, it ſeems, had not conſulted him in the Affair, and he was reſolv'd to damn it, at leaſt in the Opinion of thoſe to whom his Quality gave a Sanction to his Judgment. Had any one been inclined to hearken to him, he perhaps would have incumbered us with

with his Company for ſome Time, but perceiving he was diſregarded, he very prudently took his Leave. As ſoon as this Coxcomb departed, *Juliana* told the Company that *Lydia* had brought ſomething in her Pocket to entertain them with. Every Thing that is obliging may be expected from the amiable *Lydia*, reply'd *Lothario*; *Caſtalio* alſo made that Lady ſome Compliments on the Occaſion, which ſhe return'd with a Smile, and I don't know, ſaid ſhe, whether you will imagine you have any Cauſe to thank me, when you find the Motive that induced me to this ſeeming Complaiſance, ſince what I have to preſent you with is no Way to the Advantage of your Sex, and is intended as a Warning to my own.— All who have a true Honour for your Sex will certainly approve of every Thing

which

which may render them more worthy of our Adoration, ſaid *Lothario*, and thoſe, who regard you not as they ought, cannot be too much mortified.

Well then, reſumed ſhe, in confidence of being forgiven by the one Part, and reveng'd on the other, I will read you the Account of an Adventure, which happen'd while my Brother was in *Italy*, and was put down in Writing by a very ingenious Gentleman of his Acquaintance.

With theſe Words ſhe took a Manuſcript out of her Pocket, and, finding all the Company diſpos'd to hear it, entertain'd them with the following Hiſtory.

The BEAUTIFUL *UNFORTUNATE*,

ONE of the greateſt Generals of the Empire had, by a Lady of no mean Rank, but whom, for ſome Reaſons

Reaſons, he was never married to, a Daughter of ſuch exquiſite Beauty, that it was almoſt impoſſible to behold her without Admiration, even in her infant Charms; but as her Years encreas'd, ſo did alſo her attractive Power, and it ſeem'd as if Nature had taken Pains to make her double Reparation for the Misfortune of her Birth, in rendering her above Contempt, by the matchleſs Graces of her Perſon.

The General, her Father, on a ſudden Turn in the Affairs of State, was ſo much reduced in his Fortune, that he had ſcarce ſufficient to ſupport himſelf, much leſs to provide for this young Beauty, in the Manner his Fondneſs of her made him wiſh. This giving him a very great Concern, one Day, in the Fulneſs of his Heart, he com-

communicated it to the Duke *De Combat* with whom he had for a long Time the moſt intimate Friendſhip. The Duke, who was himſelf a Father, could not forbear acknowledging the Juſtice of his Grief, and truly pitied both him and the young Lady. Reflecting after on the Affair, it came into his Mind to recommend her to the Service of the Queen of *Pruſſia:* Never was any Woman famed for more Perfections than this excellent Princeſs, and he knew, if *Juletta* (for ſo this Fair Unfortunate was call'd) was once receiv'd intoher Protection, it muſt be wholly her own Fault, if her Condition was not rather to be envy'd than deplored.

As he doubted not his Intereſt in that Court, he ſoon made the General acquainted with what he had in his Head, and the other receiv'd his Offer with

with Tranſports of Gratitude: He was well acquainted with the Virtues of the Queen, and doubted not but that his *Juletta* would not only be happy under her Care, but alſo receive ſuch Advantages from her Example, as might render her worthy of the Felicity ſhe enjoyed by her Favour.

The Duke ſoon let him ſee he had not flatter'd him with empty Promiſes, and, having ſome little Buſineſs of his own at the Court of *Berlin*, he made that a Pretence for going thither; and *Juletta*, being equipp'd in a Manner befitting the Honour ſhe was going to receive, took Leave of her Father, who parted from her with the utmoſt Satisfaction, as not doubting but he ſhould hear News of her agreeable to his Expectations.

The Duke was not at all deceived in the Hope he had conceiv'd of being able to introduce her. —— The Knowledge to whom ſhe owed her Birth, the being preſented by the Hand of a Perſon ſo deſerving Regard, and her own Beauty and Accompliſhments engaged the Queen to treat her in a Manner that excited the Envy of all the Maids of Honour: ſome of whom, being of the beſt Families in the Kingdom, thought it a Diſdain to be rank'd with one, who, tho' highly born, was yet illegitimate, and, notwithſtanding her Charms, was a Foreigner. But the Ill-nature, and little Malice of thoſe who were her Equals in Condition, did her no Prejudice with her Royal Miſtreſs; ſhe gave her many Marks of a diſtinguiſh'd Favour, and, as the others had only their Months of Waiting, the young *Juletta* was kept always under

under her Eye, and regarded by her with a tenderneſs that made her ſenſible it was rather to the Love this good Princeſs had for her, than any Decorum of State, ſhe ſo little ſuffer'd her from her Preſence.

Juletta now paſs'd her Days in a ſweet and undiſturb'd Tranquillity, which for a long Series of Time ſhe might have enjoy'd in the Court of *Berlin*, if LOVE, that delicious Poiſon of the Mind, had not put a fatal Period to it.

Her Youth, her Beauty, and the Queen's Favour, gain'd her a great Number of Adorers; but none pretended to be more ardently ſo than *Frauderus*, a Gentleman of ſmall Fortune, but poſſeſs'd of ſo many perſonal Charms, that, had his Virtues but half anſwer'd his exterior Accompliſh-

ments,

ments, ſhe would never have had Cauſe to lament the Tenderneſs ſhe too ſoon felt for him. But, alaſs! there was not the leaſt Agreement between his Mind and Form.———All his Softneſs, all his Sincerity were meer Words: His Heart diſavowed the Profeſſions of his Tongue, was changeable, arrogant, unaffected with any gentle, generous Ideas, and when diſappointed or controuled in any of its Aims, moſt cruel and malicious.

Poor *Juletta*, not yet fifteen Years of Age, and altogether ignorant of the World, and the Arts practiſed by Mankind upon her Sex, was charm'd with his Perſon, and gave an eaſy Credit to the Vows he made her of the moſt perfect Paſſion that ever was: It never enter'd into her Head that a Man, who look'd and talk'd as he did, could

ever

ever bring himſelf to act with Neglect or Cruelty towards a Perſon he ſeemed to love with ſo much Fondneſs. The Confidence ſhe had in him made her as little careful in concealing her own Paſſion, as ſhe was reaching into the Validity of his.——She confeſs'd, without Reſerve, the Tenderneſs ſhe had for him, indulg'd him in all the Liberties that Modeſty would allow; and at laſt, (as what will not a violent Paſſion, and the inceſſant Importunities of the darling Object, tranſport one to in an unguarded Hour?) permitted him to tranſgreſs all the Bounds his Wiſhes had to fear.

He obtain'd of the believing Maid all ſhe had to beſtow: Triump'd in thoſe Joys, which oughtonly to have been the Reward of the moſt honourable Affection, and which would have made a real

Lover bleſs'd.--But *Frauderus*, a Rover by Nature, having gain'd the Victory, deſpis'd it. —— Her Innocence, her Beauty, her Tenderneſs, ſerv'd only to make him place the greater Value on himſelf, for the Influence he had over her. His Vanity, join'd with that little Regard, Love, when it is vehement, eſpecially in a young Heart leaves for Reputation, ſoon made the Affair between them the Talk of the Town; and, as ſhe was greatly envy'd at Court, there wanted not Tongues to repreſent her late Conduct, in the worſt Colours they could put upon it to the Queen, who, though ſhe did not immediately give Credit to all that was told her concerning this too faulty Fair, could not help condemning her Miſmanagement in doing any Thing

that might give her Enemies an Opportunity of cenſuring her.

On enquiring into the Affair, ſhe was very much concern'd to find it was paſt doubt, that ſhe had encourag'd the Addreſſes of *Frauderus*, who, ſetting aſide the known Diſſoluteneſs of his Character, was not in the Circumſtances to make a Woman, who had no Fortune herſelf, happy in a marry'd State; and not ſuſpecting ſhe had liſtened to him on any other Score, was reſolved by her Authority, to break the Neck of any ſuch Deſign.

Her Majeſty therefore order'd *Juletta* ſhould attend her in her Cloſet, and, having prepar'd her by ſome gracious Expreſſions for what ſhe had to ſay, repreſented to her, tho' in the mildeſt Terms that could be, how blameable ſhe had been in liſtening to any Decla-

rations of Love, without having firſt acquainted her ; and then proceeded to inform her with how much Severity her Behaviour on this Occaſion had been treated. The guilty Fair, conſcious of the Juſtice of this Reproof, hung down her Head, by her Bluſhes and her Silence teſtifying ſome Part of the Confuſion ſhe was in : I ſay ſome art, for the Remorſe, the Shame, which at that Inſtant ſeiz'd on her ſecret Soul, were at firſt little viſible to her Royal Miſtreſs, 'till, growing too violent for Suppreſſion, they operated ſo fiercely on the vital Spirits, that every Faculty loſt at once its Uſe, and ſhe fell down in a Swoon.

The Queen, half angry with herſelf for having been the Cauſe of this Diſorder, and half afraid that more than ſhe had ſaid, or indeed imagin'd 'till this Moment, had but too juſt a Foundation,

dation, grew extremely troubled; but that not hindering her from doing what was neceſſary for the Recovery of this unhappy Prey of Paſſion, ſhe rung her Bell for Help. Attendants preſently coming in, that wretched Lady, not eaſily recover'd, was carried to her own Apartment, where it was not without very great Application ſhe ſhew'd any Signs of Life; and, when ſhe did, appear'd ſo wild and perplex'd, that, tho' none of thoſe about her were able to gueſs the true Cauſe, it was very plain to them, that it had been from ſome very terrible Agitation of the Mind, that this Diſorder of the Body had proceeded.

The good Queen continued for a long Time in deep Contemplation; ſhe not only lov'd *Juletta* for her perſonal Accompliſhments, but alſo look'd upon her as an Orphan, entirely committed to

her Charge, having neither Parent, Relation, nor Friend near her, to whom ſhe could apply for Advice in any Affair, nor fly to for Protection, in Caſe of being injur'd. She thought it therefore her Duty, as her Guardian, her Queen, and her Miſtreſs, to take all the Care ſhe could of her; and what ſhe now had ſeen, corroborating what ſhe had been told, convincing her, that ſomething more than Complaiſance had paſſed between her and *Frauderus*, ſhe was determin'd to know the whole Truth, and preſerve, if poſſible, that friendleſs Innocent from Ruin. She therefore ſent for *Frauderus* privately to come to her, who 'tis probable was little pleas'd with the Summons, having heard of *Juletta's* indiſpoſition, and gueſſing the Truth of what had occaſion'd it; but the

the Command was too abſolute not to be obey'd.———He waited on her in her Cloſet, as ſhe had order'd, where, having diſmiſſed her Attendants, ſhe began to queſtion him concerning the afflicted *Juletta*; but he, who had before conſider'd how to behave, in Caſe he ſhould be examin'd, made ſuch evaſive Replies as could by no means aſſure her of any Thing, 'till exerting her Authority, and putting on an Air full of Auſterity, ſhe told him ſhe would not be trifled, with, that the Welfare of *Juletta* was very precious to her, and that ſhe would find a Way to reſent the Reſerve with which he behav'd on this Occaſion.

Frauderus then, perceiving there was a Neceſſity for him to ſeem ſincere, proteſted to her Majeſty, That he had no Intention to conceal any Thing, but

that his Surprize, on being call'd to Account for a Thing of this Nature, had render'd him unable to give ſuch Anſwers as might be expected from him; but he now took the Liberty of aſſuring her Majeſty, that he never had the leaſt Notion of addreſſing *Juletta* beyond the Civility of an ordinary Acquaintance——That though ſhe was handſome, not being that Kind of Beauty which could make any Impreſſion on him, he had not ſo much as look'd upon her with the Eyes of Inclination, and that in Reality his Affections were engaged elſewhere. With this he threw himſelf at the Queen's Feet, endeavouring to engage her Belief of what he ſaid, by the moſt ſolemn Oaths he could invent.

She, who was all Truth herſelf, could not allow herſelf to think it poſſible a Man

Man could dare to perjure himſelf in ſuch a Manner; yet his renouncing all Pretentions to *Juletta*, but ill agreed with the Circumſtances ſhe had been told, and which the Condition *Juletta* was in but too much confirm'd, and ſhe was very much divided in her Sentiments on this Occaſion.——However, having nothing further to ſay to him, ſhe diſmiſſed him from her Preſence, with this Menace: Take care *Fraudetus*, ſaid ſhe, that you have not diſſembled with a Princeſs who wants neither the Will nor Power to puniſh the Offence.

He was now in no ſmall Trouble in what Manner he ſhould proceed. On reflecting on the Affair he eaſily foreſaw, that, if the Truth were once reveal'd, he either ſhould be compell'd to marry *Juletta*, or ſubmit

to ſome Puniſhment for the Injury he had done her. The firſt of theſe was irkſome to his Imagination, he could not bear the Thought of becoming the Huſband of a Woman he had before enjoy'd; beſides, he knew ſhe had no other Fortune than her Dependance on the Queen's Favour; but the chief Reaſon that had loſt this unhappy Lady all the Influence ſhe once had over him, was the Charms of a Rival, who, tho' in every Thing her Inferior, he now lov'd as much as a Man of his Temper can be ſaid to love, and in this alone he told no Falſhood to the Queen.

Tho' he could not be call'd a Man of Wit, he had a good Share of Invention, and was a great Maſter of the Art of Diſſimulation.——The firſt of theſe furniſh'd him with a Stratagem to ſecure

him

him from any further Attacks of the Nature he had lately met with, and the other to carry it on to the total Ruin of the credulous *Juletta*.

He had no ſooner projected the Deſign than he went to her Apartment, and counterfeiting the extreameſt Concern for the Diſorder he heard ſhe had been in, entreated her to let him know the Cauſe, which with her accuſtom'd Frankneſs, ſhe immediately related to him, keeping not the leaſt Tittle from him that had paſs'd in the Queen's Cloſet.——I fear'd, ſaid he, the Truth.——Her Majeſty is determin'd, I perceive, to prevent any further Progreſs of our Loves;——our only Way therefore to ſecure ourſelves to each other, for the future, is to be more cautious than we hitherto have been, and to feign an intire

Indifference.

Indifference.—How, interrupted *Juletta!* Yes, my Angel, resum'd he, that is the only Expedient to preserve our mutual Affection from being made the Sacrifice of her cruel Resolution. It is natural to suppose *Juletta* could not bear so surprising a Piece of News, without an Impatience to know the Meaning of it, and hastily asking him, What Motive could induce the Queen to throw any Bars in their Way to Happiness, was answer'd by him, that there could be none but an extreme Partiality in favour of *Jemima*. That Lady, said he, I know not by what Instigation has taken it into her Head to like me: Has by some Friends made Interest with her Majesty, and but a Moment since the Match was propos'd to me, and even Threats made use of in Case of my Refusal.

This

This *Jemima*, whom he mention'd, was a Woman of Family, had been Maid of Honour, but, for ſome Indiſcretions in her Conduct, was diſcarded: and it ſeem'd probable enough to *Juletta* that the Queen, out of Regard to her Parents, ſhould be willing to get her a Huſband, in order to heal thoſe Wounds in her Reputation, which her Levity had given it.—She thought it highly cruel, however, that her royal Miſtreſs ſhould make Choice of *Frauderus* for this Purpoſe, who, by what ſhe had ſaid to her, ſhe knew was very well acquainted with his having made his Addreſſes to her, and could not forbear launching into ſome Expreſſions very injurious to the Juſtice of that excellent Princeſs.

Frauderus, overjoy'd to find her ſo readily fall into the Snare he had prepared

pared for her, went on in this Manner, 'Tis in vain for us to exclaim againſt the Severity of our Fate, ſaid he, or the Cruelty of a Perſon we have no Power to contend with.——Neither of us have any Dependance but on the Court, and, were we to marry, or to converſe together in any Faſhion that would ſhew we had ſuch Intentions, nothing is more certain, than that we ſhould be abandon'd to all the Miſeries of Poverty and Want.—— A little Diſſimulation is now all that can defend us.——We muſt ſee each other but ſeldom, and that by Stealth; and I muſt pretend a Complaiſance my Heart is far from feeling for *Jemima*.— I may eaſily find Excuſes for delaying what the Queen ſeems ſo earneſt for having accompliſh'd, but to deny abſolutely her Commands, would, as I [illegible] fore, entail certain Ruin on us bo[illegible]

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The tender *Juletta* was ready to expire at theſe Words; but finding, as ſhe thought, mighty Reaſon in what he ſaid, after having a little vented the Overflowings of her Soul in a Flood of Tears: What Part then muſt I be obliged to act, cried ſhe, in this diſtracting Scene! — You muſt, anſwered he haſtily, utterly deny that any tender Commerce has ever paſſed between us. ——I have already performed the cruel Taſk. —— My unwilling Tongue has renounced the Dictates of my Heart, and proteſted againſt *Juletta*'s Charms. ——She muſt alſo ſeem to deſpiſe *Frauderus*, or the Indignation of this powerful Enemy of our Loves will find ſome Means to ſeparate us for ever. Has the Queen then named *Jemima* to you, ſaid *Juletta*, and laid an Injunction

junction on you to addreſs that Lady? —— Not in plain Terms, reply'd he; it has yet gone no further than a Command to viſit you no more, with an Intimation that ſomething better was intended for me; but I learn'd the fatal Secret from a Friend who was well acquainted with it, and, happening to be with me when the Queen's Meſſenger came to call me to her Preſence, adviſed me how to behave in ſo critical a Situation.

He cloſed this Speech with repeated Vows of the moſt everlaſting Conſtancy; but, though the poor *Juletta* believed all he ſaid, his diſſembled Tenderneſs could not keep her from falling into Agonies, which would have mov'd any Heart but that of the falſe, the inſenſible *Frauderus*. —— In the Mid[illegible]

Sig[illegible]

Signs, Tears, Faintings, and all the Tokens of the moſt violent Grief, ſhe however promiſed him to do as he thought it their common Intereſt; and that, if queſtion'd by the Queen a ſecond Time, ſhe would utterly deny he had ever made any Declaration of Love to her.—But, ſaid the artful Villain, when he had brought her thus far, there is ſtill a Danger, which if we do not guard againſt, all the Aſſeverations that both of us can make will fail of gaining Credit, and only expoſe us the more to the Rage of her offended Majeſty, which will know no Bounds, on diſcovering we have attempted to deceive her Penetration. Gueſſing, perhaps, continued he with a Sigh, by my faultering Accents, and the Reluctance which I fear was too viſible in my Eyes,

Eyes, when I endeavoured to ſeem indifferent to the Charms of my adorable *Juletta*, that all I ſaid was Diſſimulation; the Queen told me, That there was a Way to know if I ſpoke the Truth: On this it preſently ſtruck into my Head, that, under ſome Pretence or other, which ſhe may eaſily find, ſhe may ſearch your Cabinet for Letters, which if ſhe does, and you have preſerved any of thoſe undeniable Proofs both of my unceaſing Paſſion, and your kind Return, I tremble to think what might be the Portion of us both!—To what a Depth of Miſery the Power ſhe has over us might reduce us!

Afflict not yourſelf my dear *Fraudeſus*, interrupted the believing Fair, for what may be remedied with ſo much Eaſe.——I will this Inſtant remove your Fears by returning all I have of yours;

yours; or, precious as thoſe Tokens of your Affection are, burn them before your Face. —— They will be no more ſafe in my Poſſeſſion than yours, rejoin'd he; let us then deſtroy them. —— Let no Evidences of our mutual Tenderneſs remain, but thoſe indelible ones written in our Hearts, and which I hope no Time, no Chance, no Malice ſhall ever have the Power to eraſe.

The Anſwer ſhe made to theſe Words was no other than complying with the Purport of them. ——She went that Inſtant to her Cloſet, and, bringing out all the Letters ſhe had received from him in their Time of Courtſhip, gave them one by one into his Hand, which, as faſt as he took them, were immediately committed to the Flames. He ſtaid not long with her after having obtain'd

tain'd the End for which he came, excuſing his ſudden Departure by ſaying, If it were known they had a private Conference, it might render all their Meaſures ineffectual.

The unexperienced *Juletta* had an implicit Faith in every Thing that came from him, and yielded a ready Obedience to all he ſeem'd to think was right, not in the leaſt ſuſpecting how inſtrumental ſhe now was to her own Undoing; and depended on the Promiſe he had made her at parting, never to reſt 'till he had found ſome Means of being united to her for ever.

'Tis difficult to ſay whether the Villainy or the Cunning of this Stratagem exceeded; but, certain it is, we find few Examples to parallel it in either. It was *Jemima* whom he indeed now lov'd,

lov'd, aad whom he had now a Pretence of viſiting without exciting any Jealouſy in *Juletta* which might drive her to Extremes; and beſides, when hereafter ſhe ſhould come to diſcover the Impoſition, he imagin'd after having deny'd all to the Queen, ſhe would not dare to reveal a Truth which muſt at the ſame Time diſcover ſhe had attempted to deceive her. He now purſued the Object of his new Flame, without ſtanding in need of any of the Precautions he had before been oblig'd to make uſe of, and the Queen, hearing of the frequent Viſits he made her, began to believe what he had ſaid to her on that Occaſion. The Melancholy which however appear'd in the Eyes of *Juletta*, and which all her Endeavours could not wholly conceal, ſometimes gave

gave her ſome Starts of Doubt; and one Day, when no other Perſon was in waiting, that generous Princeſs began again to queſtion her concerning *Frauderus*, and told her, That tho' he might now have other Views, ſhe could not help imagining he had once pretended Love to her.

She preſs'd that unhappy Creature with ſo kind an Earneſtneſs to diſguiſe nothing from her, that, had ſhe been told by any other than her dear *Frauderus*, nay, had the Teſtimony of Angels, join'd to the united Voice of the whole World, endeavour'd to perſwade her it was owing to any other Motive than Care and Affection for her, that her Majeſty appeared ſo zealous an Enquirer, ſhe would have rejected the Information as falſe; but, as

Frauderus

Frauderus had ſaid it was otherwiſe, ſhe was aſſur'd it was ſo, and the more Softneſs and Good-nature the Queen made uſe of in her Efforts, the more ſhe fancy'd it was Deſign and Artifice in favour of *Jemima*, and with the more Confidence ſhe denied ever having been addreſſed by *Frauderus* in the Manner her Majeſty had been informed.

With ſo fatal an Exactneſs did ſhe obey the Injunction that perfidious Man had laid her under, that her Royal Miſtreſs, who expected no Diguiſe from one ſo young and artleſs, was at laſt won to believe as ſhe would have her, and gave over any further Thoughts on the Affair.

Thus did this unthinking Lady join in the Deceit againſt herſelf, and aſſiſt

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in the Deſtruction of her own Hopes; yet imagining ſhe was moſt politick, when ſhe was moſt fool'd and cheated. ——But, alas! ſhe had but a little, a very little Time allow'd by Fate for the Continuance of this happy Ignorance.——Too ſoon the cruel Curtain was drawn away, and all the black and horrid Scene of Villainy appear'd to View.—A few Days after the burning of the Letters, happening to be done in a little Summer-houſe in the Palace Garen, indulging Contemplation on her belov'd *Frauderus*, and flattering her fond Heart with the Idea, that a Day would come when they might openly avow their Loves, ſhe fancy'd that ſhe heard the Accents of his Voice at a very little Diſtance from her, and, putting her Ear as near as ſhe could to the

the place whence the Sound ſeem'd to proceed, ſhe ſoon diſtinguiſh'd, that it was he indeed that ſpoke, and to her great Confuſion heard theſe Words: Why, ſaid he, with the moſt undoing Softneſs in his Tone, why ſhould you ſo often give me Hopes of Happineſs, yet ſtill delay me the Poſſeſſion ;—Never can we find a Moment more favourable then the preſent.——What hinders me now from ſeizing the Bleſſing I ſo long have languiſh'd for, and you have promiſed to beſtow?

The Perſon to whom theſe Words were addreſſed, anſwer'd them in too low a Voice for the diſtracted *Juletta* to be able to gueſs either at the Speaker, or the Purport of what ſhe ſaid; but preſently after ſhe heard the falſe *Frauderus* rejoin: By Heaven I never did,

nor never can love any but yourſelf ——I own I have had my Amuſements with your Sex, but never knew a ſerious Paſſion 'till I ſaw thoſe Eyes. ——Were it in my Power to marry you I would, but that you know is impoſſible.—— The Queen continually perſecutes me on her favourite *Juliette*'s Score, and it is with the utmoſt Difficulty I have got rid of that fond Girl. ——Therefore, continued he, let us not waſte the precious Time.—— He was going on, but our unfortunate Liſt'ner had already heard too much to be able any longer to reſtrain the ſtruggling Emotions of her Soul, and could not help crying out.——O Villain! Monſter! moſt perfidious of thy Sex! ——The ſudden Storm of Paſſion, which had occaſion'd this Exclamation, made

made her alſo utter it with ſo much Vehemence, that *Frauderus* and his new Charmer heard her with more Eaſe than ſhe had done the Expreſſions which let her into the Secret of his Baſeneſs.

Neither the treacherous Lover nor ſurpriz'd Rival were willing to give her an ocular Demonſtration of their being together in that Place, and therefore haſted down another Pair of Stairs which led them into a Terras that had no Communication with that Part of the Garden through which *Juletta* had paſs'd.———The Noiſe they made in going down diſcover'd which Way they took to avoid her Purſuit and Reproaches, and from a Window, which overlook'd the Terraſs, ſhe followed them with her Eyes, and, by the Dreſs and Air, tho' ſhe ſaw not her Face,

found, to her great Aſtoniſhment, that this Rival was *Jemima* with whom he pretended the Queen was about forcing him to marry, yet to whom he was excuſing himſelf for not being able to marry.——This ſhew'd her at once the whole of his Deceit.——But where is the Pen that can deſcribe that vaſt Variety of mingled Paſſions which all at once raged in her tender Breaſt? ——Where is the Soul that can conceive her Sufferings? ——Horror and Rage for the firſt Moments were the moſt prevailing Agitations! but Grief, Deſpair, Diſdain and Shame ſoon took their Turns, and rack'd her with a ſtrange Viciſſitude of Torment. ——She reflected on the paſt, and trembled at the future Conſequences of of her fond Belief.——She might be call'd

call'd a little World of Woe, where all the different Kinds of Wretchedneſs, which plague the Slaves of Paſſion, were ſummon'd up, and vy'd with horrid Force which ſhould inflict moſt Torture on the divided Soul.———She had not preſently the Relief of Tears, and, her wild Griefs being deny'd that Vent, burſt out in Cries and Exclamations ſo loud, ſo violent, that the Queen, attended by ſeveral of the Court, happening to be that Inſtant coming into the Garden, heard her while at a conſiderable Diſtance. Some of her Attendants, running to examine into the Cauſe, brought Word, that *Juletta* was certainly ſeiz'd with a ſudden Fit of Frenzy, on which that good Princeſs, forgetting her Dignity, went in, follow'd by the whole Court, and found

indeed the miſerable Creature in a Condition ſuch as might well countenance the Information that had been given her. —She had thrown herſelf on the Floor, had tore her Hair and Garments, and, on the Queen's Enterance, was beating her lovely Breaſt with ſuch Force as if ſhe meant to revenge herſelf upon that Heart which had receiv'd the Image of her baſe Undoer.

Soon as ſhe ſaw by whom ſhe was ſurrounded, ſhe ſtarted from the Poſture ſhe was in, threw herſelf at the Queen's Feet, and cry'd out——O Madam! Madam! revenge my Cauſe upon the perjur'd, falſe *Frauderus!* and then revenge on me the Injury I have done your ſacred Majeſty, in abuſing the Favours you vouchſafed me, and impoſing on your royal Ear! —Command my

my Death! I neither can, nor wiſh to live, but let me firſt behold the Monſter periſh who has wrong'd me!

Surpriz'd as the Queen was, ſhe eaſily ſaw into the whole Truth by theſe few Words, and would have prevented the undone *Juletta* from expoſing herſelf any further, before ſo many Witneſſes; but that diſtracted Creature, incapable of all Reflection, would not ſuffer herſelf to be raiſed, but continued to cling about the Feet of her royal Miſtreſs, and, in the Agony of her Soul, repeated again and again the Perfidiouſneſs of *Frauderus*, nor ceaſed, 'till her Spirits, too weak to ſuſtain the vaſt Surcharge of mingled Tranſports, all at once forſook her, and ſhe fainted away.

In this Condition was ſhe carried to her Apartment. — The Queen was greatly troubled, and ſaid to ſome that were about her, This poor Girl has been ſtrangely wrong'd, but I will ſee that ſhe has Juſtice.

The inconſtant *Frauderus*, in the mean time, little imagin'd what had happen'd, and, believing *Juletta* of too gentle a Nature to be capable of ſaying any thing to his Prejudice, was thinking in what Manner he ſhould again deceive her, and render even her own Ears ſuſpected by her. Not that he took this Pains, out of any Motive of Compaſſion, in order to make her eaſy, but becauſe he fear'd, if ſhe found herſelf forſaken by him, it might throw her into a Melancholy, the Cauſe of which might be gueſs'd at by the Queen, and

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ſo his Hope of Promotion at Court be diſappointed.

He was ruminating on this Occaſion, when ſome of his Friends who had been preſent at the Confeſſion of *Juletta*, came to adviſe him to retire 'till the firſt Guſt of the Queen's Indignation ſhould blow over, and they might, without Danger of incurring her Diſpleaſure, intercede in his Behalf. —— This was News which did indeed alarm him, and the more as he could never have expected it from the Modeſty and accuſtom'd Softneſs of *Juletta*'s Diſpoſition. —— He fancy'd his Caſe, however, not ſo bad, as thoſe who counſell'd him to fly were of Opinion, and could not conſent to leave the Court, his whole Dependance being on a ſmall Poſt he had there, and ſome Friends

by whoſe Intereſt he had hoped to be promoted; and did not diſpair but he ſhould, ſome Way or other, evade the Puniſhment due to his laſt baſe Action, as he had already done many others of as black a Dye. It was in vain they inſiſted, that they ſaw, by the Queen's Countenance, ſhe was determin'd to revenge the Affront offer'd to her, in the Perſon of her favourite Servant; he anſwer'd, That the worſt that could befal him, for a Fault of that Nature, was Baniſhment from Court; therefore he thought it would be Madneſs to inflict a Puniſhment on himſelf, which there was a Poſſibility of avoiding from others.

He was arguing in this Manner when the Guards, ſeiz'd, and carry'd him before ſome of the Nobility appointed to examine him. At firſt he ſeem'd very

ry much confuſed; but, his natural Impudence ſoon getting the better of his conſcious Guilt, he made the moſt ſolemn Imprecations, That he had never made any Pretenſions of Love to *Juletta*.——That he never either lik'd or lov'd her; and added, that ſhe had often given him Hints, that ſhe ſhould receive a Declaration of that Kind from him with Pleaſure, and that, not affecting to underſtand her, but on all Occaſions avoiding her as much as poſſible, he imagin'd ſhe had contriv'd this Plot to ruin his Character with any other Lady, and draw on him at the ſame Time the Royal Diſpleaſure.

This gain'd but little Credit with thoſe that heard it.——They thought it impoſſible a Lady, rather reſerv'd than the contrary, ſhould bring herſelf to offer

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Love; or that a Man, known to be of ſo amorous a Diſpoſition as *Frauderus*, ſhould refuſe her, if ſhe did; and ſome of them cry'd out to him to ſpeak no more of that Affair, for what he alledg'd was ſo little of a Piece with the Behaviour of either of them, that, if he had no better Arguments to bring in the Vindication of his Innocence, it were as well for him to confeſs himſelf guilty. I know not, my Lords, ſaid he, how far the Beauty of *Juletta* may have prejudiced you in her Favour, elſe methinks there is nothing more plain than that this wild Accuſation is only the Effect of Malice or Frenzy. ——Had I ever made any Profeſſions of the Paſſion ſhe pretends, would there have been no Evidences of it but herſelf? Would no Meſſages

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by Servants, no Letters have paſſed between us?——I am ready to confeſs all ſhe charges me with, if one ſingle Line can be produced againſt me.—— I appeal alſo to her Majeſty, who, examining me herſelf on the Affair in Queſtion, I made no ſcruple of avowing my Paſſion for another, and declearing I had never felt any thing for *Juletta*; beyond that Reſpect which the Sex demands. To whom then, ſaid one of the Lords, are your Vows addreſs'd? I acknowledge the Queſtion at another Time would be unfair, and what you juſtly might refuſe to anſwer; but as the only Means to prove the Accuſations of *Juletta* groundleſs, is to prove that, at the Time ſhe pretends you were deceiving her, you made Courtſhip to another, you would do well to convince us of it. *Frauderus*

Fraudérus look'd on this Motion as highly favourable, and, not doubting but *Jemima* would be ſatisfied to have the Paſſion he profeſs'd for her declared in the Preſence of ſo many illuſtrious Witneſſes, immediately named her as the Lady of his Affections.

A Shout of Laughter and Aſtoniſhment run through all the young Part of the Aſſembly at theſe Words; and even the Graveſt among them thought it improbable he ſhould think it ſo great a Hardſhip to be compell'd to marry *Juletta*, yet avow a Deſire of that Kind in Favour of *Jemima*, a Woman as far inferior to her in Beauty and Accompliſhments, as, 'till this fatal Accident, ſhe was in Reputation.—They were in ſome Diſpute among themſelves in what Manner they ſhould decide this Affair, when

when the King, who had ſate with the Queen all this Time as a Spectator, preſently cry'd out, I will myſelf be Judge. And you muſt pardon me Madam, ſaid he, to the Queen, if I give Sentence contrary to what you may have made *Juletta* hope. He then or-order'd *Jemima* ſhould be call'd, and as ſoon as ſhe appear'd, he demanded of her, If *Frauderus* had ever made any Profeſſions of Love to her? To which ſhe anſwered in the Affirmative. Are you willing to marry him? rejoin'd the King. An Interrogatory of this Sort fill'd her with too much Aſtoniſhment to be able to reply; it having been on Terms very contrary to thoſe of Marriage *Frauderus* had ſolicited her; and, not being able to dive into the Meaning of a Demand ſhe ſo little expected, could

could not preſently reſolve in what Manner it would be beſt for her to behave.

The King, who was one of the moſt penetrating Princes of his Time, had a pretty near Conjecture of the Truth, and bid her be bold and ſpeak her Inclinations, for, ſaid he, on the Word of a King, if you think fit to be his Wife, it ſhall not be in his Power to refuſe making you ſo.——Surpriz'd as ſhe was, ſhe had ſome private Reaſons to think the Offer too advantageous to be rejected, and replied, that, if his Majeſty commanded it, ſhe was ready to obey.

But with what Words is there a poſſibility of repreſenting the Confuſion, the Perplexity, the ſecret Rage which ſeized the Soul of *Frauderus?* The Motive

tives that had render'd the Thoughts of marrying *Juletta* irkſome to him, were, becauſe ſhe was not in Poſſeſſion of a Fortune to gratify his Ambition, and becauſe he had enjoy'd her; and now to be compell'd to be the Huſband of one who had as little Share of the former, but much leſs of Honour and Reputation, was a ſeverer Penalty than he could have imagined would have been inflicted on him for the Crime he had been guilty of, even tho' it had been proved upon him.—— The Paſſion he had for this Lady, was, in the Thought that ſhe muſt be his Wife, utterly extinguiſhed, and he began to look upon her with Loathing and Deteſtation.——He was at his very Wits End; knew not which Way to evade a Sentence ſo terrible to be ſubmitted to; and when he attempted to urge

any

any Thing to procure a Delay of the Ceremony, as, that, his preſent Circumſtances not agreeing with his Intentions, he ſhould but make miſerable the Perſon whom he wiſhed to render happy, and ſuch like Arguments, they were delivered with ſo ſtammering an Accent, and accompanied with ſuch a Diſorder in his Countenance, as confirmed the King he had determined rightly in the Cauſe, and that there could not be a more fit Puniſhment aſſign'd for his Perfidiouſneſs and Ingratitude. Therefore, putting an End to any further Speeches, he commanded one of his own Chaplains to attend, and obliged him to marry her that Moment.

When the Ceremony was perform'd, This is but one Part of that Juſtice your Behaviour demands, ſaid the King;

King; the Affront you have put upon the Queen, in firſt ſeducing, and then ſo cruelly betraying a Maid under her Protection, together with your attempting to impoſe on herſelf, by a forged Tale of your Paſſion for *Jemima*, deſerves no leſs than Death; and Death you ſhould have, were not, in your Circumſtances, Life a ſeverer Sentence.—— Go, continued he, go; and, with the Woman who is now your Wife, leave *Pruſſia* for ever.—— Should you preſume after this Day to ſet your Feet on this forbidden Ground, your Welcome ſhall be Tortures.

It was in vain that the new-wedded Bride petitioned not to ſhare her Huſband's Fate; the King would hear nothing in Favour of either of them; and the Decree he had given being prodigiouſly

prodigiouſly applauded by the whole Aſſembly, the Sentenced were order'd into Confinement, till a Ship was provided for ſending them away.

Juletta, who knew nothing of their Majeſties Intentions, was, by ſome buſy Perſon, inform'd of the Marriage of *Frauderus*, but no more. —— Wholly bereft of Reaſon at this Intelligence, and miſinterpreting the King's View in enforcing this Marriage, ſhe flew to the Preſence-Chamber, where arriving juſt as the Guards were carrying them away, ſhe preſs'd through the Croud of Nobility, crying out, Is this the Favour I expected! Is this the Juſtice I hop'd from this auguſt Aſſembly! —— O how does *Jemima* merit more than *Juletta*? —— If in the falſe *Frauderus*'s Eyes ſhe ſeems more worthy, does

does ſhe ſo too in yours, that you diſpoſe of my Right, and, to make her happy, doom me to everlaſting Ruin?

Her Words, and the Diſtraction which appeared in her Countenance, with the wild Confuſion of her unregarded Dreſs, filled every Beholder with the utmoſt Compaſſion. Both the King and Queen were about to give her the Conſolation of clearing up this Miſtake, when, turning haſtily towards the Door, where *Frauderus* was going out, ſhe ſaw *Jemima* with him. —— The ſudden Sight of that hated Face, and the Knowledge that ſhe was now in Poſſeſſion of that Title, which ſhe thought ſhe only had a Right to, and had paid ſo dear a Price for, heightened the Diſtraction ſhe before was in, to ſo violent a Degree, that, ſnatching

ſnatching a Halbert from one of the neareſt Guards, ſhe ran to her with ſuch Speed, that it is to be wondered at, that, in ſo great a Surprize, any of them were quick enough to prevent her from ſending her Rival out of the World. Diſappointed in her Revenge as in her Love, never was Madneſs more outrageous: In her preſent Condition, Advice or Conſolation was in vain; and tho' the Queen extremely pitied her, ſhe was obliged to have her forced out of the Preſence, and carried to her own Appartment, where ſhe remain'd a long Time incapable of Reaſon.

Frauderus and his Bride had not been many Hours in Priſon, before the latter was taken very ill; a Phyſician being permitted her, he ſoon found her

her Condition ſuch as ſtood in Need of Help from one of her own Sex.—— In fine, it was a Midwife was wanted, who being brought, ſhe was ſoon after deliver'd, tho' with great Danger of her Life, of an Abortion, occaſion'd as 'twas thought by the Fright *Juletta* had put her in.—— This confirming the Character which had long been given her, and heightening the Puniſhment of the perfidious *Frauderus*, gave a great deal of Diverſion to the whole Court.

As ſoon as ſhe was in a Condition of travelling, they were both ſent away, purſuant to the King's Sentence. Poor *Juletta* recovered not her Reaſon for a long Time, and, when ſhe did, intreated to be ſent to a Monaſtery, where ſhe lingered out a

few

few Years of Life in a waſting Sorrow, which threaten'd her with a Diſſolution long before it came, Fate not permitting her to leave the World, till ſhe had ſeen her Injuries in full revenged.

Frauderus hating his Wife to the utmoſt Degree of Deteſtation, never reſted, till he had contrived the Means to get rid of her, which he at laſt accompliſhed by a Cup of Poiſon.—— The horrid Fact was immediately diſcover'd, and he ſuffer'd for it a ſhameful Death at *Genoa*, where he had lived a mean and obſcure Life for about two Years. The News ſoon arrived at *Pruſſia*, and was by the Queen ſent to *Juletta*, who, bleſſing the Juſtice of Providence, expired ſoon after, as tho' ſhe had no farther Buſineſs in the World.

Thus

Thus is Heaven ſometimes pleaſed to give a Proof of its Abhorrence of ſuch Crimes as Falſhood and Ingratitude in the Affairs of Love, which, becauſe the Law has provided no corporal Puniſhment for, are look'd on by the World only as Matters of Sport and Ridicule; but let not the guilty Heart triumph in Security; a Time may come when the deceiving cruel Man ſhall know that Vows once made, are regiſtered in Heaven, and can't ceaſe to bind.

I thank you my Dear, ſaid *Lydia*, perceiving ſhe had done, in the Name of the Company, ſince I dare anſwer there are none here who have not thought themſelves well entertain'd —But, notwithanding the Pains you have taken to oblige me, and that

there are ſome lively Strokes of Paſſion in the Story, I cannot help ſaying, that I think, if the Gentleman had choſe for the Subject of his Pen Characters more worthy of it, the Embelliſhments he has beſtow'd on theſe, would have had double Force.

Juletta yields too eaſily to excite that Compaſſion for her Misfortunes, which would otherwiſe have been due to them.—— I would have all Women, if they muſt be repreſented as guilty of an Exceſs of Paſſion, have a better Excuſe for it than merely the agreeable Perſon of a Man.—— If there are no Meaſures to be taken, which might ſecure one of his Affection, there are certainly to diſcover if he has Wit, Honour, and Good-nature; and ſhe that can love where theſe encourage not, can have

have no other Proſpect but Miſery and Contempt.

But you forget, Madam, anſwer'd *Caſtalio*, that, if the Ladies always made uſe of their Penetration, and choſe for their Favourites only ſuch as were worthy of them, there would be no ſuch Thing as Woes in Love.

Caſtalio is right indeed, added *Doraſtus*, Pity would be a Paſſion which the equally loving, equally deſerving Pair would have no Need of.——— Mournful *Melpomene* would ceaſe to be invoked;——*Complaints* no more would be the Muſes Theme,—— *Panegyric* would be the ſole Buſineſs of the *Poet's* Quill,— *Satire* grow out of Faſhion, and all the Hiſtories for *Novels* loſt.

I cannot own the Juſtice of this Opinion, reſumed the incomparable

Lydia, there are doubtleſs many Miſfortunes to be found in Love, even where both Parties are perfectly ſincere, which may afford a Subject for an Author's Genius; and, if I were of Counſel with the Writer of ſuch Books, I ſhould adviſe them to chuſe only ſuch; for, methinks, to read of Villainy ſo groſs, ſo monſtrous, as that we have juſt now heard of in the Character of *Frauderus*, or Credulity ſo eaſy as in that of *Juletta*, gives too great a Shock to the Soul, and deſtroys the Pleaſure we might elſe receive from the Entertainment.

But yet it is neceſſary ſometimes, ſaid *Juliana*, to be reminded, that there have been Men ſo baſe: Our Sex are in themſelves ſo weak, eſpecially when we ſuffer what little

Share

Share we have of Reaſon to be blinded by a partial Tenderneſs, that we ſtand in Need of all the Helps we can procure us from becoming the Victim of our too eaſy Faith.

I am very much of your Mind, Madam, reply'd the generous *Lothario*, that theſe kind of Examples, tho' they may not be ſo pleaſing in the Recital, are yet of very great Uſe to perſuade the Ladies to make uſe of that Diſcernment *Lydia* juſt now recommended. I would have Beauty the Reward of Merit, not fall the Prey of Villainy and Deceit; and if a Woman, when ſhe reads of ſuch a Fate as *Juletta*'s will but give herſelf leave to reflect how very poſſible it is that the Man ſhe is moſt inclined to favour, may in Time prove a *Franderus*, it will cer-

tainly make her inſpect into his Behaviour with a Care and Watchfulneſs, which cannot fail diſcovering the *true* Affection from the *counterfeit*.

Theſe Kind of Writings therefore, ſaid he, are not ſo trifling as many People think them; nor are they intended, as ſome imagine, for *Amuſement* only, but *Inſtruction* alſo; moſt of them containing Morals, which, if well obſerv'd, would be of no ſmall Service to thoſe that read them.——'Tis moſt certain, that if the Paſſions and the Frailties incident to human Nature, are well repreſented, it cannot fail to rouze the Conſcience of the guilty Reader to a juſt Remorſe for his own Conduct; he will bluſh too ſee this Picture of himſelf, and will at leaſt make it his Endeavonr to reform:

Thoſe

Thoſe who, perhaps would be impatient of Reproof, when given them by a Parent, a Guardian, or a Friend, will liſten calmly to it, when inſtill'd this Way. —— Tho' the Follies we find expoſed are our own, we hear them condemned and laugh'd at, without Anger, in the Character of another, and reap all the Benefit of the Admonition, without the Shock of receiving it. But there is little Occaſion of Defence for writing Novels; the very Names which appear in the Title-Pages of ſome Volumes of them, are a ſufficient Recommendation of their Value; and we cannot believe ſo many learned Men, who in all Ages have preſented the World with Tracts of that Nature, would have expended ſo much Time only for the Pleaſure

of relating a Tale. No, certainly, they had other and more laudable Views in what they did ——— They had ſtudied Mankind, and knew that Morals, merely as Morals, would ſeem too dry and inſipid, and have little Effect on the Minds of thoſe they endeavour'd to reform; and found it neceſſary to cloath Inſtruction with the Garb of Pleaſure.

When Precepts are convey'd this Way, they ſteal themſelves into the Soul, and work the wiſh'd Effect, almoſt inſenſibly, on the Perſon who imbibed them. — We become virtuous ere we are aware, and, by admiring the great Examples, which in the Narrative appear ſo amiable, are led to a Deſire of becoming the ſame ourſelves.

And yet, cry'd *Miranda*, there are People ſtupid enough to read ſuch Books,

Books, only for the Sake of the Tale, without once attending to the Moral contain'd in them: They hurry with Eagerneſs to the Cataſtrophe, and paſs over thoſe Reflections which all well-wrote Novels abound with, and are indeed their chief Beauty as well as Utility.

You judge with too much Severity on ſuch Readers, my dear *Juliana*, ſaid the charming *Lydia*, I rather think what you accuſe them of proceeds more from a too great Vivacity than Stupidity of Nature; and tho' their Impatience for the Event of ſome great and well-prepared Adventure, may render them at firſt too heedleſs of the judicious Remarks made on the Means that lead to it, they will probably afford the Book a ſecond

Reading, and their Curioſity being gratified, the Mind will then have more Room to take in and digeſt what before it could not ſo well have reliſh'd. I remember that ſome Years ago, happening to be in my Father's Library, I took up a Manuſcript which made me guilty of the Fault you mention. It was entitled, *A brief Hiſtory of the Reign of* Edmund *ſurnamed* Ironſide, one of the kings of *England* of the *Saxon* Race. The Part I happen'd to open was that, where the famous Duel, between that Monarch and *Canute* the *Dane*, was agreed to be fought in the Iſle of *Alney* in *Glouceſterſhire*, in the Sight of both their Armies. So remarkable an Incident, and on which I perceiv'd the Fate of two Kingdoms depended, made me immediately turn over

over the Pages till I came to that which, I found by the Margin, gave an Account of the Deciſion, without ever regarding that which I afterwards perceiv'd was the moſt valuable Part in it. It was, continued ſhe, the Speech that excellent Prince made to his Nobles, who came about him, and one and all endeavour'd to diſſuade him from ſo raſhly hazarding his royal Perſon: The little Regard he ſeem'd to have of himſelf, in Competition with the Intereſt of his People, would have been, if attended to, an admirable Leſſon for his Succeſſors, and ſaved this poor, pillaged, oppreſſed Kingdom from all the Miſeries it has ſince ſuſtain'd. The Arguments he makes Uſe of to confute all that could be ſaid in Oppoſition to his Deſign,

diſcover

diſcover he had Sentiments truly worthy of his Dignity, and that it was no falſe Bravery, or Oſtentation, had inſpired the Reſolution he had taken, but that paternal Love of his Subjects, that true Concern for their Welfare, which whoever it be that ſits upon a Throne and feels not, cannot properly be call'd a *King*, but a *Tyrant*.

The Piece you mention, Madam, ſaid *Caſtalio*, muſt doubtleſs be very curious, and I wonder my Lord is not ſo good as to permit it to be publiſh'd: It ought, methinks, to be printed in all Languages for the Uſe of Princes in general, to whom ſuch Admonitions cannot be too much or too often enforced.

I have often entreated it of my Father, reply'd ſhe, but never could prevail,

vail, not even to give it into my Hands for that Purpoſe: His Lordſhip perhaps may foreſee ſome Conſequence from it he thinks proper to avoid; and I have for a long Time deferr'd ſpeaking to him of it.

There is certainly a Partiality in Hiſtorians, which is very unpardonable; and by that Means Poſterity is led into Errors, frequently injurious to the Memory of the deceaſed. Actions of which perhaps to this Day we reap the Benefit, have been but ſlightly touch'd on, while others of the moſt minute Nature, and which perhaps had Self-Intereſt for their Motive, are magnified into Prodigies. The Monarch we have been ſpeaking of certainly deſerv'd to be ſaid much more of than our Annals produce, and the only Reaſon

ſon that can be aſſign'd for their Silence on this Head, is, that his unfortunate Death, and the *Danes* becoming Maſters of the Kingdom, the Writers of thoſe Times choſe rather to pay their Compliments to the *preſent* than to do Juſtice to the *paſt*.

Beſides, it might have been dangerous. *Edward*, afterwards King of *England*, and *Alfred* his Brother, being then in Exile, any Thing wrote in Favour of the *Saxon* Line might have been conſtrued into an Attempt of reſtoring them, and conſequently puniſh'd as Treaſon by the Prince who, at that Time was in Poſſeſſion of the Throne.

Well, ſaid *Juliana*, dark as the Accounts we have are of the truly royal *Edmund*, there are yet ſufficient,

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in my Opinion, for the Subject of a dramatic Entertainment; and I am ſurprized none of our Poets have ever made Choice of a Piece of Hiſtory ſo intereſting.

It might be thought too much ſo, Madam, anſwer'd *Caſtalio*, by the Poets of the laſt Age; when the Death of the Royal Martyr was yet recent in every one's Memory, to exhibit the Murder of a good King, ſuch as was *Edmund*, would have given Strength to an Idea, which of itſelf was too ſhocking to Nature, and therefore could not have been proper while any of his Deſcendants were on the Throne; and the Times have ſince given ſo little Encouragement to Works of that Kind, that few who have real Capacities, have

have thought it worth their While to undertake them. Thoſe who have attempted it, have, for the moſt Part, found their Labour loſt, either rejected through Want of Judgment by thoſe who have the Direction of the Theatres, or ſtifled by the Hand of Power; looſe, ribald Farces, without Plot, without Contrivance, without any other Meaning than ſuch as Modeſty muſt bluſh to comprehend, are now the ſole acceptable Entertainments and all Pieces that are not of this Stamp thrown aſide, as either too ſpiritleſs to pleaſe, or too juſt not to be offenſive. This, continued he, I take to be the Reaſon that not only the Story you would recommend, but ſome others I could mention, have not been call'd

call'd from the too great Obſcurity they lie in.

But, ſaid *Juliana*, as theſe public Repreſentations have great Influence over the Morals of the Age, I think the Nobility ought to join in teſtifying their Diſapprobation of ſuch a ſcandalous Perverſion of the Inſtitution.

Alas! beautiful *Juliana*, reply'd *Acaſto*, you ſpeak like one unacquainted with the preſent World: Thoſe among us who have no Favour at *St. James's*, cannot expect to have any Weight with the Managers of Playhouſes, much leſs ſufficient to bring about a Reformation rather to be wiſh'd than hoped, in ſuch an Age of Depravity; and, as for the Courtiers, who alone have the Power of doing it, they have too much at Heart the aggrandizing themſelves

themſelves and Families, to think of any Thing foreign to that End.

Nor is it to be expected, added *Lydia*, with a Smile, that thoſe very Perſons who forged the Manacles to fetter Wit, ſhould contribute any Thing to the taking them off. It is not that this Age is more barren than the former ones have been, of great Geniuſes, capable of any Undertaking; but they are prevented from exerting themſelves by the irreſiſtible and weighty Hand of Power.

Then, reſumed *Juliana* briſkly, ſince our very Diverſions are circumſcribed, and we are not allow'd ſuch Entertainments as are fit for us to ſee, we ought at leaſt not to countenance by our Preſence ſuch as are not ſo.

Right

Right, Madam, reply'd *Caſtalio*, and I flatter myſelf there are a great many beſides this Company, who are of the ſame Way of thinking. Curioſity led me the other Night to ſtep into the Theatre in *Covent-Garden*, when one of theſe late wretched Performances was exhibited; and I had the Pleaſure to obſerve that, excepting the Royal Family, who indeed were all there, and ſome few whoſe Poſts obliged their Attendance, the Audience was compoſed of ſuch as one might expect to find only at a Bear-Garden.

This agreeable Gentleman was about to add ſomewhat more, when the illuſtrious Conſort of *Lydia* enter'd; the Compliments, every one roſe up to pay him, put a Stop to the Converſation;

ſation: for he had no ſooner returned them in a Manner perfectly obliging and peculiar to himſelf, than, addreſſing his charming Spouſe, I was very near adding to the Number of your Company, ſaid he, but that I knew not how you would reliſh my intruding a Stranger without Leave.

There is little Occaſion for aſking Leave where you have an abſolute Command, anſwered ſhe, and it would be ſome Difficulty to perſuade me, you had no other Motive for changing your Mind. O, but the Perſon I ſhould have introduced, Madam, reſumed he, is of ſo very extraordinary a Character, that, without being prepared for his Reception, I know not but with all the Wit and Preſence of Mind you are Miſtreſs of, you might have been at a

Loſs

Loſs in what Manner to behave. In fine, he is a Gentleman, who, by an elaborate Study of forty Years, has diſcovered the moſt abſtruſe and hidden Secrets of the *Game of Whiſt*, which he proves to be the *true Philoſopher's Stone*, has erected it into a *Science*, and vouchſafes to teach at the eaſy Rate of *five Guineas* an Hour. Now, Madam, purſued he, confeſs, that, if he had come to aſk you to ſubſcribe to a Treatiſe he has publiſhed on this Score, if you would not have been a little perplexed, between your Complaiſance and good Senſe, what Anſwer to have given him.

I ſhould indeed, my Dear, cry'd *Lydia*, and am infinitely obliged to you for ſparing me: I love to treat People, who addreſs me on thoſe Accounts, with

with all the Reſpect and Compaſſion that either their Merit or Neceſſities demand; but I cannot anſwer how far the Shock of a Propoſal of this Nature might have made me ſwerve from my uſual Manner of Behaviour.

I gueſs'd the Effect it would have had on you, rejoin'd *Hymenius*, and therefore told him in your Name, that I was aſſured you had no greater Inclination than myſelf, to become a Pupil to this Science, ſo deſired he would excuſe us both.

While *Hymenius* was ſpeaking, thoſe of the Company who had not heard of the *Profeſſor*, ſeem'd aſtoniſh'd, and could not tell how to think it poſſible there could be ſuch a Thing in Nature, as a Man who ſtudied a Game at Cards for forty Years together, and pretend-

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ed to convert into a *Liberal Art*, what was intended meerly for Diverſion at a certain Time of the Year; but thoſe, who had heard the ſolemn Trifler harangue on the great Utility of his *Science*, and were acquainted with his Problems, laugh'd heartily. Among the Number of theſe laſt was *Caſtalio*: This has been a very unlucky Day to the *Profeſſor*, ſaid he; I had the Favour of a Viſit from him in the Morning, and made him a Preſent, which I imagine he look'd upon as no good Omen.

The Act of Parliament againſt Gaming, I'll warrant, cry'd *Lothario!*— No, replied *Caſtalio*, what I look upon to be a Pill, he will find harder of Digeſtion.—It was a Dramatick Satire, entitled, *The Humours of Whiſt*, which, *a-propos*,

a-propos, lay on my Table, as I had juſt been reading. On his putting his Treatiſe into my Hand, with all the Formality of a *Seneca*; I thank you, Mr. *Profeſſor*, ſaid I, aſſuming as ſerious an Air as the Occaſion would permit; but, as I have no Ambition to become a Proficient in the Science you recommend, have no Occaſion to burthen my Head with any Thing concerning it; therefore entreat you will put your Treatiſe in your Pocket again, and with it, as a Proof of the Senſe I have of the Obligation you would confer upon me, this little Pamphlet, which, I aſſure you, in my Opinion, and in that of all my Friends, is very well worth your while to peruſe.

With theſe Words, continued *Caſtalio*, I returned his Book, and the Pamphlet

phlet I mentioned happening to be open, I gave it him in the Manner it lay, with my Finger pointing to theſe four Lines in the Prologue:

Who will believe that Man could e'er exiſt,
That ſpent near half an Age in ſtudying Whiſt!
Grew grey with Calculation!—Labour hard!
As if Life's Buſineſs center'd in a Card.

O Heavens! cried *Lydia*, what Confuſion muſt the poor Man be in, both at the Irony of your Behaviour, and the juſt Satire of theſe Lines.

I believe, Madam, reſumed *Caſtalio*, his Mind might not be altogether compoſed at that Time; but he endeavoured

to ſupport the Character of a Philoſopher as much as he was able, and only coldly told me, he had ſeen the Book before, and, after forcing himſelf to take a complaiſant Leave, went out of the Room with a good deal leſs Aſſurance, I could perceive, than he had enter'd it.

How charm'd am I, ſaid *Juliana*, with the Mortification you gave him; I fancy, after what he has received from you and *Hymenius*, he will a little better conſult the Characters of the Perſons he addreſſes, and not offer his *Treatiſe*, where there is ſo little Probability of its being received.

Caſtalio, added *Lydia*, could not have taken a more aſſured Method of humbling his Vanity, than by oppoſing *the Humours of Whiſt*, to his *Treatiſe on Whiſt*,

Whiſt, which ſo well expoſes the Abſurdities, falſe Calculations, Blunders, and indeed the Folly and Stupidity, as well as the ill Tendency of the Deſign, that he will never be able to get over the Raillery it has occaſion'd him, even by thoſe who inadvertently thought fit to encourage it at firſt.

Well, cried *Juliana*, I am glad my private Opinion has the Authority of ſo good a Judge; for I will own myſelf a Lover of Play, ſo far as an Amuſement; and of all Games *Whiſt* has ever been my Favourite, but, by ſtudying the *Profeſſor*'s Book, in order to play better than I did, I am become ſo puzzled and bewilder'd, that I can ſcarce play at all.

I can eaſily forgive the Abſurdity of the Rules he lays down as the Perfec-

tion of Play, ſaid *Hymenius*, were they yet more groſs; for to one Perſon that ſtudies them, in order to prevent being impoſed upon, I am pretty ſure there are an Hundred, who do it with a View of impoſing on others, and I would have all ſuch caught in their own Snare. The more complete therefore the Treatiſe was, the more pernicious it would be; but as there is no Danger from that Quarter, the Encouragers of it merit, in my Opinion, the ſevereſt Ridicule. Thoſe I mean who promote his Subſcription, give him a Guinea for about Six-penny-worth of Ware, and five for every Hour he paſſes in explaining his prepoſterous Syſtem.—This is really ſuch a Proof of the Depravity of the Taſte and Underſtanding of the preſent Age, as muſt render us the Contempt of all ſucceeding ones.

Every

Every Attempt, therefore, to expoſe this too reigning Folly, rejoin'd *Lothario*, and ſhew we are not all ſunk in the ſame Degree of Stupidity, cannot be too much applauded; for this Reaſon I have recommended the Satire, *Caſialio* juſt now mentioned, to all my Acquaintance, and the Author has ſo agreeably introduced ſome known Stories in it, as well as marked ſome particular Characters, that I doubt not but the publick Spirit he has teſtified will have a good Effect on the Morals of thoſe that read it.

It would be a Pleaſure to every thinking Perſon to find it ſo, ſaid *Lydia*; but the Diſpoſition of the Times does not ſeem to flatter ſo ſanguine an Expectation: People appear to me no leſs pleaſed with giving an Opportunity of

being impoſed upon, than by finding one of impoſing upon others; and, to ſhew how far this gaming Syſtem prevails, where one ſhould leaſt expect it, I happened to go into a Cabinet-maker's Shop ſome Days ago, where the Glance of a fine Skreen immediately took my Eye; on drawing near to examine it, I found it was the Laws of the *Game of Whiſt*, moſt curiouſly printed in Gold Letters upon purple Sattin: I was very much ſurprized, and aſked the Maſter of the Shop for whoſe Uſe this *Memento* was deſigned. On which he told me, for one of the Princeſſes, to whom he was going to ſend it immediately. Indeed I thought the Man deceived me, and, as it is common with thoſe Sort of People to mention ſome great Name, in order to bring into Faſhion

ſhion what will be of Advantage to themſelves, looked on his telling me this as a Lure, to engage me to beſpeak one of the ſame; but I was preſently convinced I had wronged him, when one of her Royal Highneſs's Footmen came in to aſk, If it were ready to be ſent Home?

Heavens! interrupted *Juliana*, with a Warmth uncommon to her, can it be poſſible? I ſhould rather think *Magna Charta*, or the *Act of Settlement, with all its Clauſes*, had been a more proper Piece of Furniture at St. *James's*. But, continued that excellent Lady, after a Moment's Pauſe, and calling back ſome Part of that Fire, with which her Eyes and Cheeks were animated when ſhe began to ſpeak, People in high Life are not to be anſwerable for

every thing done in their Name. Perhaps this ridiculous Skreen, though carried to the Palace Royal, might not really be commanded to be brought there by either of the Princeſſes.

Whether the Company were all of *Juliana*'s Opinion, I cannot pretend to ſay, but none of them urged any thing in Contradiction to it.——There was indeed a profound Silence for about half a Minute, when *Hymenius*, to vary the Converſation, aſked *Caſtalio* ſome Queſtions concerning a Horſe he was breeding up for the Race at *New-market*; which the other having anſwered in a Manner which ſhewed he took a great deal of Delight in that Diverſion, Well, cried *Lydia*, interrupting ſomething he was about to add on that Head, I ſee you have all your favourite Ways of killing

killing Time.—Here have been abundance of ſevere Things ſaid againſt an Amuſement, in which perhaps our Sex have but too great a Share, but not a Word againſt one from which we are excluded.——Now I will be judged by any Perſon, not prejudiced in Favour of either, If this is not partial to the laſt Degree? and if there is not as many Frauds, Deceptions, and foul Play practiſed among the *Jockeys* at a *Horſe-Race*, as there can be by the moſt *noted Sharper* at a *Gaming Table*.

As partial as you may think me, Madam, replied *Philetes*, I readily acknowledge the Truth of what you ſay, and alſo that many Gentlemen have ſuffer'd by the little Artifices of thoſe Fellows you mention; but I cannot, with the ſame Facility, be brought to allow,

that this is any Argument againſt Horſe-Racing itſelf: If it were, I am certain the amiable *Lydia* has too much Penetration not to ſee, it would equally hold good againſt the ſeveral Inſtitutions of Law and Phyſick; nay, even the more ſacred ones of Government and Religion, in all which there are *Jockeys* too, who not only endeavour to circumvent each other, but have their various Stratagems to deceive, impoſe upon, and plunder thoſe who put too great a Truſt in them.

Beſides, ſaid *Hymenius*, to train up ſo uſeful and noble a Part of the Creation, as Horſes unqueſtionably are, has, in all poliſh'd Nations and Ages of the World, been always look'd upon as a moſt laudable Care.——The Races of Antiquity make a very great Figure in Hiſtory,

Hiſtory, and, it is obſervable, were moſt encouraged in thoſe Places, where Arts, Sciences, and the Spirit of Liberty moſt prevailed: I could wiſh we imitated them in *theſe laſt*, as much as we attempt to do in the *former*——Not but there were Avarice and Corruption to be found among them: A golden Ball, thrown in the Way of the ſwifteſt Charioteer, has ſometimes prevailed above the Glory of winning the Race; yet was not the Inſtitution of leſs Eſtimation for ſuch a Perverſion of it. Many Arguments may doubtleſs be alledged in favour of Horſe-Racing; but the beſt that can be ſaid of Gaming is, that, when People of real Honour and good Senſe play, it is an innocent Amuſement, and ſure there are a thouſand others no leſs agreeable, and which

are

are in no Danger of becoming Maſters either of Contention or Avarice.

I have the Honour to be entirely of your Mind, replied *Lydia*, when what we call a Diverſion grows ſerious, it loſes both its Name and Intent, and becomes a Buſineſs.——Cards therefore, eſpecially the Game of *Whiſt*, takes up the Head too much. But let us wave this Diſcourſe, and think of ſomething more intereſting. I can relate a ſhort Hiſtory, which was confirmed for Fact by a Lady of my Acquaintance, which I preſume will not be diſagreeable. It is addreſſed from a Mother to her Daughter. They all expreſſed their Impatience to hear it, and the amiable *Lydia* was of a Diſpoſition too obliging to let them remain long unſatisfied, ſhe therefore began as follows.

THE

THE
Diſtreſs'd VIRGIN,
Unhappy WIFE,
AND
Moſt afflicted MOTHER.

Addreſſed to her DAUGHTER.

IF it pleaſes Heaven, my dear *Amelia*, ſaid *Mariamne*, that theſe Papers fall into your Hands, be careful of them. I conjure you by all that Duty, that Love, and that Reſpect, which even the Worſhip you are train'd up in enjoins from Children to their Parents, read them not lightly over,

ut

but examine every Article, weigh every Precept; engrave them in your Mind, that, if by any Accident you loſe the Original, your Memory may ſupply you with a faithful Copy.—I command you alſo, to keep whatever you find here an inviolable Secret, unleſs Providence, whoſe Ways are all myſterious, ſhould happily conduct you to ſome Place, where it may be to your Advantage to reveal it.

Know then, my dear *Amelia*, ſaid ſhe, that, by my Side, you are deſcended from two very antient and honourable Families, in a Kingdom famous over the whole World, not only for its Extent, the Pleaſantneſs of its Situation, and the Magnificence of its Buildings; but alſo, for the Laws, Cuſtoms and Manners of its Inhabi-

tants:

tants: I need not tell you it is *France* I mean, ſince you have often heard me ſay, the Place I was born in is call'd ſo.

My Father was the eldeſt Son of the Count *de Paix*. My Mother a Daughter of the Baron *de Poiſſons*. If you ſhould ever happen to meet with any one from that Country, you will hear ſuch Characters of the Virtue and Grandeur of your Anceſtors, as, tho' I would not wiſh ſhould make you proud, ought nevertheleſs to inſpire in you a juſt Scorn of doing any Thing unworthy of the Race you ſprung from.

It is the Policy of People of Condition, in my Country, and in moſt Parts of *Europe*, when they have more Daughters than they can conveniently portion out, rather than conſent to their

Marriage

Marriage with Perſons of an inferior Rank, to ſhut one, or more of them, into certain Houſes called *Monaſteries*, where they are ſecluded from the World for ever, and compelled, often againſt their Inclination, to devote themſelves wholly to Heaven, and the Duties of Religion. The Baron, having a numerous Offspring, intended to ſacrifice my Mother in this Manner to the Grandeur of his Family; but the Paſſion my Father had for her prevented it: After having in vain implored the Count's Conſent, they were privately married. The Affair was kept a Secret for ſome Time, nor had been divulged ſo ſoon, had not the Baron's Reſolution, of thruſting my Mother into a Monaſtery, obliged them to confeſs it to him; and ſhe, ſoon after, becoming pregnant, the

Honour

Honour of his Family rendered it neceſſary the Truth ſhould be made publick.

Nothing could ſurpaſs the Count's Indignation, when he was firſt made acquainted with it; he would never after ſuffer my Father to come into his Preſence, nor allow any Thing towards his Support, or that of the Wife he had made Choice of; and, tho' a great Number of the Nobility intereſted themſelves in this Cauſe, and repreſented to him, That there was nothing in a Daughter of the Baron *de Poiſſons*, except want of Fortune, that could be looked upon as unworthy a Son of the Count *de Paix*; and that my Mother's Virtue, Beauty, and other Qualifications, well attoned for that Deficiency,

he

he continued as inexorable as ever; nor did my Birth, for I was the firſt, and, indeed, the ſole Fruits of this unhappy Marriage, in the leaſt ſoften his obdurate Heart, and, for thirteen Years, neither my Father, Mother, nor ſelf, had any other Support, than what we receiv'd from the Indulgence of the good Baron, which, giving a mortal Uneaſineſs to his other Children, render'd our Lives very miſerable.

While we were in this melancholy Situation, News arriv'd of the Death of the Governor of *Iranadad*, a Settlement the *French* have in the *Eaſt Indies*: The Prince of *Conde* requeſted the King, that my Father might ſucceed him. It was a Poſt, indeed, far beneath the Heir of *Paix* to except of; but it was a noble Proviſion for a Son in Diſgrace with his

his Father, and who had no Subſiſtence, but from the Father of his Wife. As ſuch my Father receiv'd the Grant of it, and kiſs'd his Majeſty's Hand, with the ſincereſt Gratitude, as well as teſtified his Acknowledgments to the Prince, by whoſe Interceſſion it had been conferr'd upon him.

It was the Opinion of every Body, that this News wou'd bring the Count *de Paix* to Reaſon, and that he would rather forgive, and make a handſome Settlement on his Son, than ſuffer him to go to a Place, whence he could not expect he would ever return, during his Life; but he was deaf to all the Calls of Nature, and paternal Affection, nor would even permit my Father to take Leave of him before his Departure.

The

The *Baron*, ſays ſhe, wou'd fain have perſuaded my Father and Mother, to have left me with him, but a fatal Fondneſs, to which I owe all my Miſeries, would ſuffer neither of them to be prevail'd upon.——Yet, ought I not to condemn it; they knew the Jealouſy my Uncles and Aunts had of me, and fear'd the Effect of it, if I were left defenceleſs, and expoſed to their Malice, which, they doubted not, but would encreaſe, in Proportion to the Baron's Affection towards me. Nothing, however, could have equall'd, or even come within Compariſon, of the Miſchiefs entail'd upon me by this *Indian* Voyage: Miſchiefs ſo numerous, and of that dreadful Kind, that, if related by any other than a Mother, you would ſcarce believe could happen to one Woman.

Every

Every Thing being prepar'd for our Departure, for the Magnificence of which all the Kindred of both Sides, except the cruel Count, contributed, we embark'd on board a large and well ſtored Veſſel.——Favourable Winds, and ſmooth Seas, gave us the Proſpect of a happy Voyage; and never was a greater Alteration than what I perceived in the Faces of my dear Parents: The Pleaſure of ſeeing themſelves independent, tho' in a Rank inferior to the Dignity of their Birth, diffus'd ſuch an Air of Gaiety thro' all their Features, as was aſtoniſhing to me, being too young to penetrate into the Cauſe, and made me diſcover Charms in them, I had never ſeen before.

My Mother, 'tis certain, was extremely lovely, and my Father wanted none

none of thoſe manly Graces which command Reſpect. I was thought to partake of what was moſt agreeable in both; but, alas! few Traces of what they were now remain in me! —Waſted with continual Pinings in Youth, I ſuffer all the Decays that Age cou'd have produc'd; nor have you ever ſeen in me any Remains of that Beauty, which ſeem'd as if juſt beſtow'd upon me only for my Ruin, and, when that was compleated, was ſnatch'd away, no more than my Peace of Mind, to be recover'd; leaveing me nothing but the ſad Remembrance of Ideas, it was my cruel Fortune never to enjoy the Reality of.

If ever I knew true Satisfaction, it was on Board; while at the Baron's, the Melancholy, in which I ſaw thoſe dear Perſons plung'd, who gave me Being; the

the diſtant Looks of ſome of my Relations, and the Reflections, ſometimes thrown on me by others, the Fear I was in of incurring their Diſpleaſure, and rendering them yet more harſh, gave me as much Diſquiet, as it was poſſible for one of my Age to feel; but now, to find a great Number of Servants ready to obey my Call, to ſee the obſequious Behaviour of the whole Ship's Crew, and even of the Officers themſelves, towards my Father and Mother, was ſuch a pleaſing Alteration in our Fortunes, as quite elated my young Heart, and I became in a manner tranſported with it.——Contentment too ſhort, alas! too tranſient, for ſo many Years of racking Woe!——While we thought our malevolent Stars had left off perſecuting us, they were collecting

all

all their Venom, to pour it down at once with greater Force upon us.

One Morning, as I lay in my Cabin, within that of their Excellencies, for by that Title they now call'd my Father and Mother, I was waked with an unuſual Noiſe, and preſently after heard the firing of Guns; I was ſtarting up, in order to enquire into the Meaning of this Alarm, when a Maid, that waited on me, came in and told me, a Pirate had attack'd us, and that it was proper I ſhould riſe, in Caſe of Accident.

The Terror that appear'd in her Countenance, and her trembling as ſhe ſpoke, convinc'd me, that we were in great Danger. With her Aſſiſtance I ſoon got on my Cloaths, and ran to my Mother, whom I found earneſt at her Devotions by her Bed-ſide. —— Some

others

others coming into the Cabin at the ſame Time I did, interrupted them, and ſhe cry'd out, Where,—O! where is the Governor? Safe, Madam, as yet, anſwer'd one of them, but we cannot prevail on him to come down, and the Balls fly thick as Hail about the Deck. She was then running up, to endeavour to perſuade him to a greater Regard for his Life, but was ſtopt by a ſudden, loud, and confus'd Noiſe, which to us ſounded as if the Top of the Ship, with all the Maſts, were breaking down. ——*They have boarded us*——*They have boarded us!* cry'd one of the Sailors, with a great Oath; *Death or Slavery*: ——*We have no Time to loſe.* With this the Uproar over our Heads grew more violent, and in an Inſtant the Cabin was clear'd of all but my Mother, myſelf,

and two or three Woman Servants: But with what Words can I expreſs the Conſternation, the Horror this poor Lady was in! She wept, ſhe cry'd to Heaven for Relief.——One Moment ſhe preſs'd me in her Arms, and cry'd, My dear *Mariamne*, what will become of thee;——The next ſhriek'd out, *de Paix!* where is my *de Paix!*——O! why does his Courage tranſport him to forget he has a Wife and a Daughter, and thus madly hazard a Life on which alone ours depend?——A thouſand Times did ſhe run to the Cabin-door, thinking to reach him with her Voice.——Then as precipitately ſtarted back, frighten'd at ſome freſh Alarm; but the laſt, and the moſt dreadful one, was the Sight of my dear Father, cover'd with Blood, and ſupported between two

Men,

Men. As ſoon as they had laid him on the Bed, My Dear, ſaid he, to my Mother, it was not in human Valour to preſerve our Liberty; —Heaven has refus'd its Aſſiſtance; —— the Ship is taken, and we all are Slaves;—— the Ill is paſt Redemption; —— do not, by your tumultuous Grief, provoke our Conquerors to uſe us worſe.——

The Agony he ſaw her in occaſion'd him to ſpeak theſe Words, which ſhe had no Time to reply to: The Cabin was in a Moment crowded with Men, who ſeem'd to be a mingled Rabble of all Nations, but all equally fierce and terrible in their Aſpect.—— The Captain, who, I perceiv'd afterwards, was among them, gave ſome Orders in a Language which I did not underſtand, but the Effects declared they were in our

Favour, for the greateſt Part of thoſe Wretches, whoſe Countenances added to the Horror of our Fate, withdrew, and left only himſelf and three or four more with us, one of whom happen'd to be a *Frenchman*, and afterwards ſerv'd as an Interpreter between his Officer and my Father.

On being inform'd who we were, he had the Humanity to command my Father's Wounds to be taken Care of, and to permit us to remain in the Cabin; but all the reſt, except two Women Servants belonging to us, were confin'd under Hatches. Having remov'd all that was moſt valuable out of our Ship into his own, he return'd into it, and left a Mate and ſome few Sailors to make the beſt Way they could with us to *Madagaſcar*, a large Iſland, which has long been

been the Receptacle and Azilum for theſe Sea-robbers.

What a ſad Reverſe was now in our Condition! Inſtead of being adorn'd and attended with all the Pomp of Majeſty, and going to receive the Homage of a whole Province, we were ſtript of every Thing the Bounty of our Friends had beſtow'd on us, and about to be conducted into a wretched Slavery, in which there was little Proſpect, but to linger out our whole Lives. My Father bore it with a manly Fortitude, but my Mother was inconſolable: The Tenderneſs and Generoſity of her Nature wou'd not ſuffer her to reflect on the Misfortunes of a Huſband, brought on him merely by his Affection for her, with any tolerable Degree of Patience; and, caſting up the long Account of

Sorrows their Marriage had occaſion'd him, found the Sum too large for all the Merits ſhe cou'd find in herſelf to attone for. This threw her into a deep Melancholy, and a Languiſhment more dangerous than all my Father's Wounds, which ſhews, that Diſtempers of the Mind are with much leſs Difficulty reliev'd, than any Thing which can affect the Body.

She often expreſs'd her Sentiments, to him, on this Head, in the moſt affecting Terms; but, tho' he made uſe of all the ſoft Perſuaſions, the moſt perfect Paſſion cou'd inſpire, to convince her, that he was ſo far from repenting what he had done, that, were he ſtill to chuſe, he wou'd embrace a Life of Poverty with her, rather than the moſt envy'd Grandeur, depriv'd of

her

her Society ; yet cou'd he not alleviate theſe gloomy Thoughts, and ſhe would ſigh, and ſay, The more ſhe found him worthy, the more ſhe had Reaſon to regret being the Inſtrument of his Unhappineſs.

As I was always near them, ſaid *Mariamne*, and could not avoid hearing theſe melancholy Entertainments, my Heart was ſo much touch'd with them, that I had not the Power to reſtrain myſelf from uttering ſomething, that look'd like a Repining at Providence, for the little Care it ſeem'd to take of Innocence and Virtue ; but, whenever any Thing of this Nature fell from me, I was immediately check'd for it, and ſuch Leſſons of Patience, and Reſignation to the Divine Will, taught me, as have been of great Service to

me in thoſe dreadful Accidents which have ſince befallen me.

We had not been above eight Days Priſoners to the Pirates, before Heaven, indeed, ſent us a Deliverance, which once more flatter'd us with Hopes of Happineſs. The Ship that took us, and which ſtill kept Company with us, it ſeems, had deſcry'd an *Engliſh* Veſſel, which, ſuppoſing it to be richly laden, the Captain of the Pirates reſolved to attack; but, their Powder and Shot being very much waſted in the Fight with us, they ſent the Long-Boot for a Supply. This occaſion'd our lying by, while the two Ships were engag'd. The *Engliſh* made a brave Defence, but muſt have been taken at laſt, if, by an unexpected Accident, it had not been reliev'd.

Some

Some of our Men, in the Confuſion thoſe were in, whom the Pirates had left on board us, found Means to get their Liberty, and ſoon gave it to their Fellows, and preſently overpower'd their Enemies, kill'd and threw over-board all that offer'd to make Reſiſtance, and our Captain came to us with the joyful News, that he was now once more Commander of his own Ship.

We then crowded all the Sails, thinking to eſcape, while the Pirate was engag'd with the *Engliſh*, but unhappily the Veſſel had ſprung ſo great a Leak, that thoſe at the Pump cry'd out, It was impoſſible it ſhould endure two Hours Sail, on which my Father, the Captain, and whole Crew were of Opinion, the beſt Expedient we had was to join the *Engliſh* Veſſel, and aſſiſt her with what Ammunition

was left, which indeed was but a ſmall Quantity, the greateſt Part, as I ſaid before, having been ſent for by the Pirate.

We had, however, a great Number of Hands, and the *Engliſh*, encouraged by ſo unhop'd-for a Relief, fell briſkly on. Our Men, who knew they muſt either conquer or die, in the Midſt of a thouſand Shot, got up to, and boarded the Pirate Sword in Hand, where, though many fell, the reſt did great Execution: The *Engliſh* then ceaſing to fire, becauſe their Friends muſt have ſuffer'd by it, equally with their Foes, veer'd about, and boarded the Pirate on the other Side; in fine, never was a more obſtinate Fight; but, in the End, Heaven gave the Victory to the juſteſt Side, tho' not without a vaſt

a vaſt Effuſion of Blood. The Pirates were almoſt all kill'd or wounded, and their Ship ſo ſhatter'd, that the *Engliſh*, having remov'd all the Effects into their own Veſſel, left it, with the few that yet remain'd alive, to the Mercy of the Seas. Our's was alſo by this Time ſo full of Water, that we were oblig'd to quit it, with the utmoſt Precipitation, and get on board the *Engliſh*. The Captain ſpoke *French* perfectly well, was a Man of as much Politeneſs as Bravery, and no ſooner heard, from my Father, who we were, and the Accidents that had happen'd ſince our leaving *France*, than he treated us with all the Marks of Reſpect imaginable, return'd to us all that had been taken from us by the Pirate, and which we had now retaken, and would have

have oblig'd my Father, and the Captain, to have ſhar'd with him in the other Prizes found on board, in Conſideration of the ſeaſonable Aſſiſtance he had receiv'd from us; but they would accept of nothing, but what had been their own before, and only deſired that they would put in at *Iranadad*, and permit us to land. The Captain ſeem'd extremely troubled at this Requeſt, and told my Father, he was ſorry he had aſk'd the only Thing out of his Power to grant, the Ship not being his own, but belonging to a Company of Merchants, to whom he was, in Effect, no more than a Servant.—— That the Effects he had on board were of a very great Value, and that he could not anſwer the putting in at any Place to which he had not

not a Commiſſion, much leſs one appertaining to a Prince with whom his Nation was, at that Time, at War. But, added he, when we arrive at *Bombay*, where I am bound, I will take care to repreſent the Service I have receiv'd from you in ſuch a Manner to the Governor and Factory, that I dare give your Excellency the Aſſurance of a Ship to carry you and all belonging to you, to your deſired Port.

My Father was ſenſible the Reaſons he gave were juſt, and we were obliged to content ourſelves with the Proſpect we had, that after this long Voyage, we ſhould, at laſt, arrive where we intended.

We ſhould indeed have paſſed our Time pleaſantly enough on board this Veſſel,

Veſſel, had it not been for my Mother's Indiſpoſition, which every Day increas'd ſo that her Life was deſpair'd of. My Father, now perfectly recovered of his Wounds, ſtirr'd not a Moment from her Bedſide, nor would either my Duty or Affection permit me to quit her. She linger'd, in this melancholy Decline, for about five Weeks, and, when ſhe found the Hour of her Diſſolution was approaching, took a Farewel of my Father with more Reſolution than could have been expected from her: So great was her Tenderneſs and Regard for him, that it even ſurmounted all thoſe Terrors, which generally attend the Separation of the Soul from the Body.

She doubted not but, when ſhe was no more, he would be eaſily reconciled to the Count, and return to all thoſe Honours and Pleaſures of Life, which his Love for her had given ſo long an Interruption to; and this Idea made her quit the World with rather a Shew of Satisfaction than the contrary. —— She embraced and gave me her Bleſſing with the ſame Serenity; then, turning again to my Father, conjured him to let no Acicdents or future Events make him forgetful of me. Theſe were the laſt Words ſhe ſpoke.—- That Inſtant her pure and ſpotleſs Soul flew to receive its Reward for the Virtues it had practiſed here, and left us to lament, with unavailing Tears, ſo great a Loſs.

Tho',

Tho', it is certain, never Man lov'd with a more conſtant and ardent Paſſion, than my Father, yet he had that Fortitude peculiar to great Minds, not to bewail Misfortunes which were irrecoverable; a decent Sorrow ſat upon his Brow, and hung heavy on his Heart, but his Tears were few, and ſoon dried up, nor did he refuſe the Conſolations given him by the *Engliſh*, as well as by thoſe of his own People: He would not conſent my Mother ſhould be buried in the Sea, but order'd her to be embalm'd by the Surgeon of the Ship, and had her laid in a Cheſt, reſolving, tho' dead, ſhe ſhould be the Companion of his Voyage to *Bombay*, and afterwards to his Government, where he intended to inter her, in a Manner ſuitable to her Birth,

her

her Virtue, and the Affection he had borne her living.

But alas! how vain are the Deſigns of Man, when all-diſpoſing Heaven refuſes its Aſſent! Not only his dear Wife, but himſelf alſo was deſtin'd to a watry Grave.

We were ſo near *Bombay* as to be able to diſcern Land, when, about the Cloſe of Day, a Storm aroſe more violent, as the Mariners told us, than had ever been known in thoſe Seas. The Ship was extremely large, and of great Burthen, yet did the Strength and Fury of the Waves toſs it to a ſtupendous Height, then plunge it down again, as from a Precipice. One Moment the gather'd Surges lifted us up as on a Pinnacle; the next parted and ſeem'd to

ſwallow

ſwallow us in the dreadful Gap.—— Darkneſs came on, our Dangers and our Fears redoubled: —— The Hurricane grew more outrageous: —— The Maſts, the Rudder, were all torn away, the Waters came pouring in, and one and all cry'd out, We are loſt!—— No Hope but in the Long-Boat, which being immediately thrown out, my Father, myſelf, and as many of the Sailors as could get in, took to it: —— Too many indeed, for it immediately ſunk, and all periſh'd that were in it, except three Perſons, one of whom was my unhappy ſelf, and the others were one of the Mates belonging to the *Engliſh*, and a *Cook* we brought with us from *France*. Being extremely dextrous in Swimming, they not only

ſaved

ſaved themſelves but me.—They ſaw me floating as they afterwards told me, and catch'd hold of my Garments each with one Hand, and with the other combated the Waves, —— Wonderful indeed was my Preſervation! and ſome Time after, when I reflected on the Care that Providence then took of me, I flatter'd myſelf, I was deſtin'd to ſee Days as happy as in Reality they proved miſerable.

I was quite ſenſeleſs when we reach'd the Coaſt, but my two Deliverers having taken proper Methods, to make me diſcharge the Water I had ſwallow'd, I ſoon came to myſelf; but judge, my dear *Amelia*, ſaid ſhe, judge, of the Horribleneſs of my Situation: In the firſt Emotions of Grief

Grief and Deſpair, I neither thank'd Heaven, nor thoſe who, at the Hazard of their own Lives, had preſerv'd mine, but cry'd out for my Father, and, not doubting but not only he but all we had in the World was loſt, utter'd ſuch Exclamations, as I fear offended Heaven, and perhaps drew on all my future Woes.

Theſe two Men, for the Mate ſpoke *French* well enough to be underſtood, ſaid every Thing they could to comfort me; It was not impoſſible, they told me, for the Governor to be ſafe as well as we were; and, as to our Effects, the Ship might probably bulge againſt a Rock, or be driven on the Coaſt, and, if ſo, when once the Storm was over, and the Waters ſunk to

their

their uſual Bounds, great Part of what was in her might be recover'd by Boats, which the Factory would ſend out for that Purpoſe.

This laſt I knew not but might be feaſible enough, but as I knew my Father had not the leaſt Skill in Swimming, I could entertain no Shadow of a Hope of ever ſeeing him more. So great a Loſs as ſuch a Parent, might well have render'd me inconſolable, had I been in my own Country, amidſt my Friends, and Miſtreſs of an ample Fortune; what muſt it now be to me, when left a wretched Orphan, in a Country in which I was abſolutely a Stranger, even as to Language and Cuſtoms, no Means of ſupporting a miſerable Life, without Friend to adviſe, or

Money

Money to relieve me! —— I laid myſelf down on the Earth, where I had been ſitting ſince my Recovery, and wept bitterly: The Darkneſs of the Night, and hollow whiſtling of the Winds, which ſtill continued very high, tho' ſomewhat abated of their late Fury, added to the Horror of my Ideas, and I wiſh'd for nothing more than to die that Inſtant.

At length the Day appear'd, and and never had a more beautiful Proſpect ſtruck my Eyes: The Elements were grown as calm as a few Hours before they had been diſturb'd, the Sea roll'd ſmooth, the Land look'd gay and pleaſant; a Wood behind us, whoſe Trees were of an uncommon Height, and loaded with

with Fruit of various Kinds, invited us to taſte; others charm'd the Smell with their Fragrancy, a thouſand Birds of different Sorts, and ſuch as I had never ſeen before, were hopping from Bough to Bough, and chanting out their Thanks to bounteous Nature.

I will own to you, that for ſome Moments, the Novelty of every Thing that met my Sight allay'd ſome Part of my juſt Sorrows; but when I turn'd towards the Sea, that cruel Sepulchre of my dear Father, my Tears again began to flow. My Companions had both of them Glaſſes in their Pockets; but, though by their Help they could ſee a prodigious Diſtance, they could diſcern nothing of the Ship, nor any Tokens

kens of a Wreck. We walk'd a conſiderable Way on the Sands by the Sea ſide, in order to diſcover, if it were lodg'd in any Creek among the Rocks, but could not perceive any Thing of what we ſought.

The *Engliſh* Mate, who had been three Times in *India* before, and was well acquainted with the Nature of the Winds and Seas in thoſe Parts, told us, he imagin'd the Veſſel might be driven by the Current down towards the Neck of the Harbour; and I might then depend a great deal of her Cargo would be preſerv'd.

This was ſome little Alleviation of my Deſpair; for I began already to find the Want of the Neceſſities of Nature in my Faintneſs, having not eat for near 24 Hours. The Men

alſo

alſo ſeem'd as unable to withſtand the Calls of Hunger as myſelf; and we agreed to go into the Wood and gather Fruit, in order to ſuſtain ourſelves till we ſhould arrive at ſome Town. The Mate drew his Sword, and made the Cook do ſo too, in order, as he told me, to cut down the Boughs; but in reality, that they might defend themſelves and me from the wild Beaſts; but, as neither the Cook nor myſelf knew any Thing of this Danger, we went fearleſs on: Nor indeed met with any Thing but Squirrels, Monkeys, and ſome other little harmleſs Animals, ſporting up and down, and which fled at our Approach.

We all ſat down and eat heartily of the Fruit, which was no leſs de

ſicious to the Taſte than pleaſant to the Eye.

While we were taking this Refreſhment, the *Mate* expreſs'd ſome Trouble, that he knew not what Part of the Country we were in, or which Way led to any Town. He was not even poſitive that we were in *Bombay*, the Darkneſs of the Night and Violence of the Storm not permitting him to have any Direction when we made to Shore. We were however oblig'd to ſubmit to our Fate, and had no other Remedy than to travel on 'till we could happily meet ſome Perſon that might give us Information, which we did, for many a weary Mile, without being able to diſcover the leaſt Trace of any human Step.

The

The Men ſupported this Fatigue well enough, but I was frequently ready to fall down through Faintneſs; and they were obliged to carry me by Turns in their Arms, or I could never have been able to have gone through this painful Journey. —— Night again came on, and we ſeem'd as far as ever from our Hope, and the *Mate* then inform'd us of the Danger we were in from wild Beaſts, which, he ſaid, it was very likely might haunt thoſe unfrequented Places, eſpecially by Night. Both of them then began to work at cutting down thoſe Boughs that ſeem'd moſt wither'd, and made a Pile of them: The Cook had a Flint and Steel in his Pocket, and between them, though with an infinite

deal of Labour, they ſet the Wood on Fire ; the Light of which, it ſeems, keeps thoſe Creatures at a Diſtance.

For my Part, I was too faint and weary to give them any Aſſiſtance, and lay down. While they were thus employ'd for our common Safety, it was afterwards agreed, that I ſhould endeavour to take what Repoſe I could that Night, in order to enable me for the next Day's Travel ; and that each of them ſhould watch alternately, to take Care the Fire did not go out, and to rouze the other, in Caſe of any Accident.

The Place I had made Choice of for my Bed was at the Root of a Tree, whoſe vaſt Trunk, and low-hung Boughs at once defended me from

from the Heat of the Fire, and from the Dews, which are apt to fall very thick in the Night; and being thus laid as commodiouſly as the Place we were now in would admit of, not all the Diſturbance of my Mind kept me from falling into a profound Sleep, in which I continued 'till towards Morning, and had doubtleſs done ſo much longer, but for a ſudden and moſt ſhocking Interruption. I thought I was in the Arms of a Man who, while he held me in a ſtrenuous Embrace, ſeem'd to devour my Lips with eager Kiſſes. ——— Frighted I awoke; and what, if I had been alone, would have paſs'd as a Dream, I now found was a real Fact. ——— I ſhriek'd as loud as the Surprize I was in would give

me Leave, but the Villain ſtopp'd my Mouth with his Hand, and, thinking to impoſe upon my Youth and Innocence. —— Do not be alarm'd, my dear *Mariamne*, ſaid he, I will do you no Injury by Heaven. —— I have lov'd you, and ador'd you from the firſt Minute I beheld you! —— Permit me but an innocent Embrace. I aſk no more The Sound of his Voice now made me know it was *Le Gout*, for ſo our Cook was call'd, and at the ſame Time the Indecencies he proceeded to, convinced me of the Falſhood of his Profeſſions. —— I ſtruggled, I buffetted the Wretch; but what could my weak Reſiſtance have avail'd, had not his Hand by ſome Accident ſlipp'd from my Mouth, and gave me an Oppor-

tunity

tunity to ſend forth a ſecond Shriek, ſo vehement, that it ſeem'd to rend the very Air, and after that another, before he could be quick enough to prevent me?

The *Mate*, awaking with my Cries, ſtarted up amazed, and, running to the Place where I was, needed no more to inform him of the Cauſe.—Monſter! ſaid he, when Dangers of every Kind encompaſs us, and that we live a Moment is owing to the Mercy of Heaven, is it a Time for Luſt? *Le Gout*, enraged at the Diſappointment, and not in the leaſt aſhamed of the baſe Attempt, told him, he had no Right to countermand his Actions, and added ſome foul Name, teſtifying his Contempt of him, which the other not being of a Temper to en-

dure tamely, they fought.—— I was ſo terrify'd and confuſed at the Affront I had received, and the Thoughts of what I might receive, if the Cook ſhould get the better, that I ſtaid not to ſee the Iſſue of the Combat, but ran as faſt as my Feet would carry me, till I came into a Foreſt; where breathleſs, and almoſt tired to Death, I ſate down beneath the Cover of ſome Trees that grew pretty thick.—— It was now but a Kind of Twilight; and I flatter'd myſelf that I might be hid there, if even Chance ſhould direct my intended Raviſher that Way. Till I thought myſelf ſecure from him, my Mind was too much engroſs'd to think of any other Danger, or any other Misfortune; but now a thouſand Terrors aſſail'd my poor throbbing Heart:— Thoſe Beaſts

of

of Prey, the honeſt *Engliſhman* ſpoke of made me imagine that every little Ruſtling the Wind made among the Leaves, was ſome voracious Animal coming to devour me.——Indeed, the moſt ſanguine Expectation could not have flatter'd itſelf with any Hope, in the Situation I then was.

I had been, indeed, preſerv'd by a Miracle, but could not look for a Succeſſion of ſuch Wonders in my Favour, and nothing leſs I thought could afford me either Shelter, Food, or Rayment. Reſtleſs I quitted my Seat; I wander'd a little farther; I caſt my Eyes every Way, but could diſcern no Hut, no Cottage, no kind Smoak from any diſtant Chimney, that might direct my weary Feet where I might beg a hoſpitable Protection —— Full of deſpair-

ing Thoughts, the Impoſſibility there ſeem'd for me to prolong my Life made me at Length leſs fearful of Death; and I ſat down again in that Poſture to wait my Fate, in whatever Shape Heaven ſhould think fit to order it.

The various Miſeries, the Toils, the Dangers I had undergone, in a ſhort Space of Time, crowded at once into my Mind; and my Brain too weak to bear the wild Ideas which preſented themſelves to me, even the Power of Reflection was taken from me, and I ſunk, as it were into a Lethargy of Grief. How long my Faculties remain'd in this Inactivity, I know not; but I was rouz'd from it by a new Terror, which was, perhaps, the only Thing would have had the Power to do it. ——— It was the Voice of the

deteſtable

deteſtable *Le Gout*, who, in the deep Revery I had been in, I had neither heard nor ſaw approach. You are found again, my lovely Fugitive, ſaid he, you might have fled from your Deliverer; but from your Lover nothing ſhould have concealed you. —— I would have purſued you to the utmoſt Corner of the World, and torn you even from your dead Father's Arms: So violent is my Paſſion, that to gratify it, I would ſuffer not only all that Man, but Heaven could inflict.

The Remembrance how he had uſed me, reviving at his Sight, and the Apprehenſions theſe Words juſtly gave me, fill'd me with ſuch a Mixture of Shame, Indignation, and Terror, that, had I not been preſerved for laſting Anguiſh, ſure I had died that Inſtant.

——I would have ſpoke, and was endeavouring to bring forth ſome Words, that might have check'd his Audacity, but the extream Violence of the different Emotions I then felt, ſtopp'd the Paſſage of my Words, and it was only by my Eyes I could expreſs my Meaning; I believe they were intelligible enough, however, and made him ſee, that if I were to be gain'd it muſt be by ſofter and more humble Methods, than thoſe he had put in Practice.——

Hate me not for my Exceſs of Love, reſumed he, in a more reſpectful Tone than that in which he had at firſt accoſted me; if it be a Fault, or may have hurried me to Actions diſpleaſing to you, blame your own Charms, which, as they are tranſcendant, muſt

muſt have tranſcendant Effects. —— If you aſk why I am ſo bold? I may retort the Queſtion, and aſk why you are ſo beautiful? Believe, O moſt adorable *Mariamne*, that whatever my Paſſion enforces me to commit, you who inſpire that Paſſion, are the Cauſe; With theſe Words he catch'd Hold of both my Hands, and pull'd me towards him. — Rage at this Action now getting the better of thoſe other Agitations, which had deprived me of Utterance, Villain! cry'd I, audacious Slave! how dareſt thou even think of me in this Manner, much leſs to touch me, and inſult me with ſuch odious Declarations?

I went on reproaching him in this Manner, with all the Violence I could find Words to expreſs, but could perceive

ceive it had little Effect on him; and when he found I had raved and ſtruggled myſelf quite out of Breath,—Come, come, my charming cruel *Mariamne*, ſaid he, forcing me to ſit down by him, conſult your Reaſon; that will tell you, you are wholly in my Power that this Moment I could ſatiate my utmoſt Wiſhes, in the Poſſeſſion of your Charms, in Spite of all your Coyneſs; but my Love for you is no leſs tender than it is violent. I would enjoy your Heart, would engage you to a willing Return of the Affection I have for you. —— I am not inſenſible of the Diſparity of our Birth; but Fortune has now reduced you to an Equality with me:— Are we not both in a Condition, ſuch as would make us rejoice to earn a Piece of Bread by begging? — Why then

then this Pride, this unreaſonable Haughtineſs? ——Let us rather endeavour to alleviate the Miſery of our preſent Circumſtances, by partaking of thoſe Pleaſures Nature denies not to the meaneſt ——We may, if you conſent, baffle the Malice of our ill Stars, and be as happy as the firſt created Pair in Paradiſe. —— See, ſaid he, I have found two Arrows, I have Packthread about me, and this Foreſt will eaſily furniſh me with Materials to make a Bow.——— I will ſhoot Birds to ſupply the Hunger of my lovely *Mariamne*; will hew out a Kan with my Knife, and fetch her Water from the Brook; will gather her the choiceſt Fruits, watch by her while ſhe ſleeps, and be her guardian Angel. — Moved by our mutual Love and Sufferings,

Heaven

Heaven may at laſt direct us to ſome Place where we may find ſome of our our own Species, and there I will work for her Support——O then, continued he, deſpiſe me not, but let thoſe lovely Eyes look with Compaſſion on me; take me to your Boſom, and try the Joys of Love; Joys which, even in this dreadful Wild, may make us more compleatly bleſs'd than Monarchs on their Thrones.

All the Time he was ſpeaking, tho' he had ſtill Hold of both my Hands, which I in vain endeavour'd to get looſe, my Face was turn'd from him, ſo that he ſaw not the Tears that fell from my Eyes, while internally I invoked Heaven to ſend me ſome Relief; but having ended what he had to ſay at that Time, he threw his Head upo

upon my Breaſt, and conjured me to make him ſome Reply. —What can I ſay, cried I as fiercely as I could, but what thou knoweſt already, that I look on thee as a Wretch unworthy of Life, and that I almoſt loath myſelf for being loved by ſo contemptible and ſo impious a Villain!

Then you reſolve I ſhall have Recourſe to Force, ſaid he.— Not Force or Fraud ſhall give thee any Advantage over me, anſwer'd I; a juſt Conſciouſneſs of what we both are leaves me in no Danger of the one, and to prevent the other I can die.

You but deceive yourſelf, cried the Wretch, with a malicious Grin; I will enjoy you firſt, and leave you afterwards to chuſe what Death your fooliſh Pride likes beſt. O Heaven have Pity

on

on me! ſhriek'd I out, ready to burſt with inward Rage and Horror.—You waſte your Breath in vain, ſaid he; there now is none to interrupt my Pleaſures:—— He that attempted it I have ſent to another World, to boaſt how great a Champion he has been of Virtue here.—— Murderous Villain, cried I, which was all he gave me Leave to ſpeak.—— He that Moment aimed to perpetrate his baſe Intent; and ſure Heaven, in this dreadful Juncture gave me a double Portion of Strength.—— I tore, I ſcratch'd the abandon'd Monſter; I ſprung from his Graſp and fled. —— He purſued and overtook me: —— Again I was in his Power.—— I made the Foreſt echo with my Cries. —— A Lion or a Tyger, to devour him or me, or both of us, would now have

have been a welcome Sight; for I, alas! in Spite of all the Efforts I made, was near being overcome, near being made the Prey of a worſe Monſter, *Luſt*; when, all at once, ſeven or eight Men came ruſhing through the Thicket where we were, and ſeeing the Violence I was like to ſuffer, preſerv'd my Honour, and ſtruck the Invader of it dead at my Feet, with a Kind of Javelin one of them had in his Hand.

I muſt now inform you from whom, and by what Chance I received this unexpected Deliverance.—— You know, my dear *Amelia*, your Father has a fine Country-Houſe, about three Leagues from the vaſt Foreſt of *Chiama*; it was in that Foreſt I had ſuſtain'd the Hardſhips I have related, and theſe were Men belonging to the *Banyan*, who

who happen'd to come there, in order to hunt the Wild-Boar. As on thoſe Occaſions they always go armed with Javelins and Arrows, I ſuppoſe it might be ſome of their Arrows which had miſs'd their Mark, that the wicked *Le Gout* found and mention'd to me.

I cannot expreſs to you the Surprize with which theſe *Indians* ſtared upon me: Indeed the Figure I made might naturally occaſion them to do ſo. My Garments, though rich, drench'd in the Sea-Water, and dried in the Sun and Wind, were of a thouſand diſagreeable Colours, and torn with the Briars thro' which I had paſs'd, as was alſo my Fleſh in many Places; my Hair unfilleted, and hanging in wild Diſorder over my Shoulders; and my Looks were, doubtleſs no leſs confuſed.——

All

All this, join'd to the Place and Manner in which they found me, muſt make them conclude ſome extraordinary Adventure had befallen me. They came round me, they ſurvey'd me from Head to Foot, and talk'd very faſt to one another; and, tho' I had not the leaſt Underſtanding in their Language, nor had ever heard it before, I could perceive by their Geſtures that what they ſaid was not in my Disfavour. After having had their Fill of gazing on me, two of them took me by each Hand, and led me between them through the Foreſt, helping me, whenever we came to any rough Way, with Tenderneſs enough.

At length we reach'd where I beheld, what a very little Time before I had deſpair'd of ever ſeeing, a Houſe; and

and tho' I knew not what Treatment I might find there, or how I was to be diſpoſed of, yet I could not help rejoicing to find myſelf out of that deſolate Wild, and once more among human Kind. In this Faſhion they conducted me into your Father's Villa, and the firſt Room they happen'd to bring me to was that which I have ſince converted into a Bed-chamber, and where I write theſe Memoirs.

Having made me ſit down, they gave me Water and a clean Towel, which I was very glad of; and as ſoon as I had done waſhing, ſet a Plate of Rice and ſome boil'd Fowl before me, with a Silver Mug full of Water and a little Arrack mingled in it. This refreſh'd me, and I bleſs'd Heaven for the happy Change in my Condition, but

was

was extremely troubled that I could neither underſtand my Benefactors, nor inform them any Thing of myſelf which might influence a Continuance of their Bounty. I eaſily perceived they were *Indians*, but could not be certain they were of *Bombay*; becauſe I remember'd the *Engliſh* Mate had ſeem'd doubtful whether it was on that Country we were caſt, or ſome other. I earneſtly wiſh'd it might be ſo, that I might apply to the Factory, judging by the Virtue and Goodneſs of that Man, that the *Engliſh* would commiſerate my Misfortunes, and do me Juſtice, in Caſe any Thing belonging to my Father ſhould have been found among the Wreck: But, though I ſaw a great Number of People paſſing in and out of the Houſe, there were none amongſt

among them that had the Appearance of an *European*.——

I was left alone ſome Hours, after they had taken away the Remains of what they brought for my Refreſhment; but at laſt I ſaw a very graceful *Indian* enter, attended by three or four of thoſe who had found me in the Foreſt, and ſome others: He look'd on me with the ſame Wonder they had done, but was not ſo loſt in it, as not to accoſt me with a great deal of Civility. As I knew by the Reſpect paid him, and the Diſtance with which all the reſt behav'd, that he was the Maſter of them, and of the Dwelling, I return'd him Thanks in *French*, for the Favours I had receiv'd, but had the Mortification to find

find he underſtood not one Word of what I ſaid, any more than the others had done.

The Motions I made, however, made him gueſs at my Meaning; and being inſtantly poſſeſs'd with Sentiments for me, which at that Time I little apprehended, and was as little deſirous of inſpiring, he made a Sign to all preſent to quit the Room, and, ſeating himſelf near me, began to kiſs my Hands with an Extremity of Ardour: This Action ſo frighted me, that, thinking I was fallen into the Power of a ſecond *Le Gout*, I cry'd out, O God, what will become of me! and at the ſame Time burſt into a Flood of Tears: Tho' he knew not the Words I ſpoke, yet the Agony that appear'd

in my Face, while uttering them, render'd their Meaning, as he has ſince told me, perfectly intelligible; and, willing to put an End to my Apprehenſions, he let go my Hands, made a low Bow, in Token of entreating Pardon for what he had done, and ſoon after went out of the Room.

This Behaviour made me ſee he was Maſter of a great deal of Politeneſs, and all thoſe Arts ſo engaging to our Sex, but it did not diſſipate my Fears: The Danger I had lately eſcap'd gave me a ſad Experience, that Luſt, when it becomes violent, is not to be reſtrain'd by any Conſiderations, either of Honour, Pity, or Reſpect, and this Reflection ſo much alarm'd me, that I almoſt wiſh'd myſelf again in the Wilderneſs.

I was

I was not long ſuffer'd to indulge theſe melancholy Thoughts, two *Indian* Women came in, and, making a Sign for me to follow them, conducted me to a very handſome Chamber, furniſhed much in the ſame Manner I had been accuſtom'd to in *France*: The Bed was compoſs'd of Mattraſſes laid one upon another; the Curtains about it were of the fineſt *Chints*, as were alſo the Hangings of the Room. —— There were Tables, Chairs, Glaſſes, and, in fine, every Thing perfectly commodious; but what pleas'd me moſt, was a great Iron Bar on the Inſide of the Door, which as ſoon as they had left me I did not fail to make faſt.

Notwithſtanding the vaſt Fatigues

I had endur'd, the Anxiety of my Mind would not ſuffer me to fall into a Slumber till towards Morning; but when I did, it was entirely undiſturb'd with any Ideas of my paſt Misfortunes, or Warnings of thoſe ſucceeding ones I was ordain'd to ſuffer.

I awoke not 'till very late, on hearing a knocking at my Door, accompany'd with a Female Voice, which cry'd out to me, Are you awake fair Stranger?—Tho' I knew not what ſhe ſaid, I ſuppos'd it Time to riſe, and that ſhe was come to call me up:——I therefore got out of Bed, and, having thrown my Gown about me, opened the Door, which ſhe immediately ſhut again, and preſented me with a very rich *Indian* Habit,

Habit, which ſhe help'd me to put on, making Signs to me, that my own was dirty, and unfit for me to wear.

I was no ſooner dreſs'd, than another came in and brought Chocolate and a Sort of Cake; and all this was ſerv'd me with a Reſpect, which would have been flattering enough to my youthful Vanity, had it not been check'd by my Apprehenſions of the Motive which excited it.

After I had breakfaſted, they ſhew'd me into the Great Hall, where their Maſter, waited my coming. He roſe to receive me with the utmoſt Civility,——ſmiled, and, taking up one of my long Sleeves, ſeem'd to teſtify how well he thought my Dreſs became me. He then led me into the

Gardens, the Beauty of which, and the vaſt Variety, and to me new Flowers, very much charm'd me.

He pluck'd ſome of the moſt curious, and placed them in my Hair, and on my Breaſt, but with the greateſt Modeſty and Reſpect I could deſire; and, indeed, offered nothing all that Day, nor ſeveral others, which gave me the leaſt Occaſion to be alarm'd.——Yet did his Eyes, I thought whenever he look'd earneſtly upon me, (as he ſometimes could not reſtrain himſelf from doing) diſcover a lambent Inclination to become more free: I could alſo perceive his Hand tremble, when on any Occaſion he took hold of mine; and, tho' People of his Colour never Bluſh, I frequently ſaw his Complexion change ſuddenly into

into a paler Hue, and ſeem'd to denote he did himſelf ſome Violence in behaving to me with this Moderation.

When he had pointed out to me every Thing that was worthy Obſervation, either in the Gardens, the fine Banqueting Room at the upper End, the little Grotto's, adorn'd with Shells, and the Rivulets which run winding in a kind of Labyrinth, and meet in the Middle, where they form a Kind of Canal, we return'd into the Hall, where, the Table being ſpread, we ſat down to Dinner. His Treatment of me during the Repaſt, was conformable to the reſt.——All good Manners mix'd with an Air of Kindneſs. The Cloth was ſcarce taken away, when a Servant came haſtily into the Room, and ſaid ſomething to his Maſter,

Maſter, at which he ſeem'd extremely pleas'd: The Occaſion of it was this.

Being poſſeſs'd of a Paſſion for me, which, unhappy as it has made me, I muſt do him the Juſtice to allow, was no leſs ſincere than violent, and troubled that he could neither communicate his Thoughts to me, nor be inform'd who I was, or by what ſtrange Accident I came to be expos'd in the Manner his Servants had related, he had ſent immediately to Town, offering a large Reward to any one who could ſpeak the Languages of *Europe*, to come and ſerve as an Interpreter between us.

The Perſon who went on this Commiſſion was ſucceſsful enough to find a Man, who ſpoke *Dutch*, *Engliſh*,

liſh, and *French*; ſo that he ſaid, which ever of theſe three Nations the Perſon happen'd to be, for whom he was to interpret, he could do Juſtice to their Sentiments.

This Man being preſently brought into the Room, the *Banyan*, after ſome Diſcourſe with him, bad him try me in all Languages he was Maſter of, which he did by ſpeaking to me firſt in *Dutch*, then in *Engliſh*; but, finding I underſtood neither, at laſt he aſk'd me in *French*, What Part of *Europe* I was born in? And on what Occaſion I had come to *India?* Never were any Sounds more pleaſing to my Ear than what this Fellow utter'd.——I was quite tranſported at having an Opportunity of relating who I was, becauſe by

that I hop'd to obtain ſome Means of returning into *Europe*. I heſitated not a Moment to let him know I was of that Country, in whoſe Language he laſt ſpoke to me, and then proceeded to give the whole Narrative of my Misfortunes, which, as ſoon as I had done, he repeated in the *Malayan* Tongue to the *Banyan*, who ſeem'd aſtoniſh'd at my Story, and bid his Interpreter aſſure me of his Readineſs to ſerve me in every Thing in his Power.

I then deſir'd to know the Name of the Country I was in? and, being told it was *Bombay*, ſaid, I intended to petition the *Engliſh* Factory for Means to carry me Home: But this my Intention was no ſooner mention'd to the *Banyan*, than he order'd

order'd the Man to acquaint me I was at a great Diſtance from the Colony; and that he, who often had Buſineſs with them, and could boaſt of ſome Intereſt, would undertake to ſolicit this Matter for me.—

This Anſwer was not altogether ſo pleaſing to me; I wiſh'd to be out of the Power of a Man whoſe Inclinations I dreaded, and to addreſs the *Engliſh* in Perſon, who being *Chriſtians*, tho' different in ſome Points from our Perſuaſion, I doubted not but they would take Pity on my Diſtreſs.

I made therefore ſome Excuſes to evade giving him Trouble, but they avail'd not: The *Banyan* anſwered, That, as it was his good Fortune to be the firſt that was ſerviceable to me in

in that Country, he was reſolv'd to have the Honour of compleating the good Offices he had begun. On this it came into my Head, to endeavour to make this Man my Friend, and prevail on him to carry a Letter or Meſſage from me to the Governor of *Bombay*, who, I had heard the *Engliſh* Mate ſay, was a Perſon of great Worth and Honour; but then I was deterr'd by the Belief, that this Fellow was a Creature of the *Banyan*'s, who might betray the Confidence I repos'd in him, and I ſhould be as far off as ever from my Hopes, and perhaps be the worſe treated: I therefore thought it beſt to truſt Heaven for the Protection of my Virtue, and this *Indian* for the Management of my Affairs; ſo mention'd nothing

but

but what was proper to be repeated to him.

He, indeed, pretended an Impatience, equal to my own, for the Accompliſhment of what I deſir'd, and went to Town the next Day on purpoſe, as he ſaid, to acquaint the *Engliſh* with my Adventures, leaving the Interpreter with me, that I might by him communicate my Commands to his Servants, who he had order'd to be very obſequious to me.

His Abſence ridding me for a Time of the Diſquiets I was under, I diverted myſelf with aſking the Interpreter, who I found was a *Dutchman*, many Queſtions, as, how long ſince he had been in *France?* What had occaſion'd his going there; How he came

came to, and in what Station he was at *Bombay?* On which he told me, That, being a Mariner on board a *Dutch* Merchant, the Veſſel was taken, and that it was during the Time he was a Priſoner he learn'd the Language: That afterwards, engaging in the *Engliſh* Service, he arriv'd at the Knowledge of their Tongue, and alſo of the *Malayan*, by coming frequently into *India*, and being much among the Natives, with whom he now was ſettled; was married to an *Indian* Woman, and had ſeveral Children. —— I was amaz'd to think an *European* could have any Thoughts of cohabiting with a Perſon of ſo different a Complexion, and a *Pagan*; but I ſoon found he was one of thoſe who

who gave themſelves little Concern in Matters of Religion, ſo was glad I had not truſted him, as at firſt I had ſome Thoughts of doing. I then aſk'd him the Name, and Rank of the Perſon under whoſe Protection I had fallen? On which he gave me the moſt high Encomiums of him, and added, That whoever he married would be the happieſt Woman in the World.

This I gave but little Ear to, and, to amuſe myſelf, made him teach me ſeveral Phraſes in the *Malayan* Language, which I really found ſo eaſy, that, in about ten Days Time, I could be able to aſk for any Thing I wanted; and this little Study beguil'd many melancholy Hours I ſhould otherwiſe have paſs'd. I now began

began to wiſh for the *Banyan*'s Return, thinking, by the Anſwer he ſhould bring, I might be able to form ſome Judgment of what I was to expect; but we neither ſaw nor heard any Thing of him for a whole Month.

At length he came and pretended, (for, alas! I afterwards found all he ſaid was but to delude me) That he had tarry'd all that Time, waiting for the Governor's Recovery, who was ill of a Fever, and continued ſtill in a Condition which would not ſuffer him to ſee any Company. He told me, he had related my Hiſtory to ſeveral of the *Engliſh* Merchants, but they ſeem'd extremely cold and backward of doing any Thing for me, which, he

he ſuppos'd, was owing to the War between the two Nations; and that, as to my Father's Effects, whatever were on board that Ship were entirely loſt, ſhe being ſunk with her whole Cargoe.

This Intelligence drew a Flood of Tears from my Eyes, with which he ſeem'd extremely mov'd, and told me, in the moſt tender Terms, as the Interpreter inform'd me, and which I now partly underſtood myſelf, That I had not any Cauſe for this immoderate Grief: That a little Time, he hop'd, would bring the *Engliſh* into more Conſideration of my Diſtreſs, and that while I remain'd in *Bombay*, tho' it were for ever, his Houſe, and every Thing in it, ſhould be at my Devotion.

Devotion.—I thank'd him, as his Hoſpitality, had it been unmix'd with any other Views, would have indeed deſerved; but, whatever my Thoughts were on that Head, I conceal'd them with all the little Skill I was Miſtreſs of, and ſeem'd uneaſy only at the Trouble his Generoſity and Good-nature occaſion'd him on my Score. But this, he would hear nothing of, and endeavoured to abate my Melancholy by all the Ways he could invent. ——— He made ſome of his People dance before me, others ſung, and ſome play'd on Inſtruments.

The Interpreter having told him what a Progreſs I had made in the Language of the Country, he ſeem'd in an Extaſy, and cry'd out, Then may

I may hope every Thing in *India* is not diſagreeable to the lovely *Mariamne*. As I perfectly underſtood theſe Words, I took upon me to anſwer without the Help of an Interpreter, That as yet I had found nothing ſo, and hop'd to leave it with the ſame Opinion I at preſent had. He made no direct Reply, but told the *Dutchman*, That he was either an excellent Tutor, or his Pupil muſt have an uncommon Genius, to be able not only to underſtand, but to pronounce, with ſo much Grace and Propriety, the Accents of a Language that, a Month ago, ſhe had never heard.

After this, whenever Dinner or Supper was ſerv'd in, he made me tell him, out of which Diſh I would be

be helpt, to drink to him, and, in fine, to call for every Thing I would have in *Malayan*. The Women too, who attended me in my Chamber, were highly delighted they could make themſelves underſtood by me, and, when they dreſs'd or undreſs'd me, entertain'd me with ſome Diſcourſe or other, and this, in a very ſmall Time, made me ſo perfect in the Language, that I could hold any Converſation in it.

Some Days paſs'd on, in which I had every Thing done to divert my Thoughts, and nothing to aſſure me the Fears I had entertain'd had any real Foundation, 'till the *Banyan*, happening to be alone with me in the Garden, led me into one of thoſe Grotto's

Grotto's, which, you know, in the hotteſt Seaſon, are never without a certain Coolneſs extremely refreſhing. We ſat down on one of the Benches, juſt oppoſite to the Entrance, which gave us a Proſpect of the Sun playing on the Tops of Trees, and gliding all around, without our feeling any Thing of its parching Influence. Is not this pleaſant, *Mariamne?* ſaid he. Might not any one find in *India* ſufficient for Content, without deſiring to roam elſewhere; Doubtleſs, anſwer'd I, thoſe, who have their Settlements here, have no Reaſon to murmur at their Lot; but thoſe, whoſe Dependance lies in other Parts, can but half reliſh the Delights of this. — The Way to make you like it then, reſum'd he, is to fix you here: But

I fear,

I fear, added he, not all the Pleaſure of the Situation would attone for the Complexion of the Inhabitants. ——Our tawny Colour is irkſome to your Eyes. —— You cannot bear to look on what is ſo different from yourſelf.——

I have been always taught, anſwer'd I, That true Beauty is ſeated in the Mind, and, that we ought to be attracted only by Virtue; and I have hitherto obſerved that Leſſon, always to eſteem People according to their Actions.——Have mine ever been offenſive, cry'd he, haſtily? — Your's Sir, ſaid I, very much ſurpris'd! Can the Charity, Compaſſion, and Hoſpitality, to which I am ſo much oblig'd, be ever too much, or too gratefully acknowledg'd? —— No, *Mariamne*, no,

no, anſwer'd he with a Sigh, I have conferr'd no Obligations on you.—— I could not act otherwiſe than I did; from the Inſtant I beheld your Charms, I became no longer the Maſter of myſelf, or any Thing I before was in Poſſeſſion of.—You ſeiz'd on all at once, and left me nothing, but the Name of Slave. —— Goddeſs of my Soul! purſu'd he, taking hold of my Hand, and putting it to his Mouth. I love you. —— I adore you!

Never was Confuſion greater than mine at that Inſtant; I bluſh'd; I trembled, but had not Power to ſpeak. He trembled too, tho' from a different Cauſe, and, finding I was ſilent, had the Temerity to ſnatch ſome Kiſſes from my Lips and Breaſt.—— I ſtruggled,

but,

but, finding my Reſiſtance ineffectual, Why, Sir, cry'd I, will you deſtroy all the Merit of your Favours, by uſing me in this unworthy Manner, ——I know what 'tis to ſuffer Hardſhips, and, be aſſur'd, I will hazard every Thing, rather than be ſubjected to Inſults of this Nature. — Theſe Words had all the Effect I ſpoke them for: He immediately drew back, only retain'd that Hand he had taken at firſt, and, preſſing it tenderly between both his, Why, charming *Mariamne*, will you put ſo cruel a Conſtruction on the innocent Demonſtrations I would give you of the Ardency of my Paſſion? — Heaven only knows the Tortures I have ſuſtain'd, in forbearing to ſhock your Modeſty with too ſudden a Decla-

Declaration, and ſure it ought not ſo much to alarm you, when I proteſt by all thoſe Powers we worſhip, that I never had any other than ſuch Deſigns upon you, as are agreeable to Virtue, and to Honour.——No, *Mariamne*, continue he; permit me to be your *Lover*, and, by the ſame Powers, I ſwear never to be your *Raviſher*.

Alas! Sir, anſwered I, what is it you require of me? or what can I infer from the Diſtinction you have made?—All I intreat, ſaid he, is, that you will liſten to my Suit, and permit me to endeavour, by Arguments, to win you to a more favourable Opinion of my Paſſion and Perſon.—If now and then I feaſt my famiſhed Wiſhes with a Touch of this dear Hand, or even ſteal a Kiſs from thoſe enchanting Lips, impute it

not as the Forerunner of greater Liberties, which I again bind myſelf by Oath never to take, without your free Couſent.

Tho' I was ſomewhat more aſſured than I had been by theſe Aſſeverations, yet I could not think of licenſing a Flame I was determined never to return without an extreme Reluctance, and I remained irreſolute in what Terms I ſhould reply. 'Tis certain I wiſhed myſelf out of his Power, though where I might be reduced to the Want of all thoſe Things I had now an Affluence of, rather than be condemned to Importunities ſo diſtant to my Inclinations; yet how to avoid them I could ſee no Way, without expoſing my Virtue to the ſame Dangers I had ſo lately eſcaped.

You

You hesitate even to allow me this, said he; but, my dearest *Mariamne*, when you reflect on the strange Ways by which you were brought to me; how, among all the numerous Partakers of your Voyage, you were alone preserved; what Dangers of every Kind you were exposed to; what Miseries you endured, till almost miraculously conducted to my Roof, you must believe with me some supernatural Power interposed, snatched you from Ruin, and made it your Fate you should be mine.—Yes, pursued he, thou softest, loveliest Creature, the Gods whom I adore sent thee to me, as the choicest Blessing, to reward my Piety and zealous Observance of their Laws.

Ah, Sir, cry'd I, mistake not the Will of Heaven, who sent me to you

only as an Object to exerciſe your Compaſſion and your Bounty; to give you the higheſt, nobleſt Pleaſure, that of doing Good: Thoſe Joys which Love affords ſeems too weak, in my Opinion, to come in Competition with the other; but if there are any to be found in the Gratification of that Paſſion, you may partake them with ſome Maid, whoſe Religion and Cuſtoms are more agreeable to your own.

No, *Mariamne*, no, anſwered he; the united Charms of your whole Sex, in any other than yourſelf, would give me ſhort-liv'd Bliſs.—'Tis you, and you alone, can make me truly happy; and as for the Difference of Religion, I doubt not but when you are well acquainted with our Way of Worſhip, you

you will allow our Gods more benevolent than you have found your own.

This Blaſphemy ſtruck me with a Horror which was very viſible in my Countenance, and I inſtantly cried out, O! Sir, rather kill me, than compel me to hear aught irreverent of the Maker of Heaven and Earth.

I could ſee a Smile, which had ſomething in it of Contempt, upon his Countenance, at the Exclamation I made; but he was too artful to ſuffer it to continue, or add any thing which might encreaſe my Diſquiet on this Score: On the contrary, he told me, That he would never urge me to a Change of Faith; that I might enjoy my own Opinion undiſturbed; and pretended, that, provided People acted according to the Rules of Virtue and

Reaſon, he did not think it any Matter of Moment to what Gods they prayed. I ſay, but *pretended*; for in reality there never was a greater Bigot to the Idol-worſhip, nor a more profane Contemner of the Divine Myſteries of *Chriſtianity*.—Grant Heaven, my deareſt *Amelia*, that you may one Day be happily convinced, that *they*, and *only they*, are truly *divine!*

It was near Sun-ſet before I was ſuffered to leave the Grotto, nor then, till I had promiſed to liſten calmly to his amorous Addreſſes. All Supper I was perſecuted in the ſame Manner, and when I counterfeited a Drouzineſs, and deſired to retire, Cruel *Mariamne!* cry'd he, I ſee the little Effect all my Tenderneſs has on you.— You hate me!

me! my Preſence is inſupportable to you; and much I fear it never will be in my Power to render it leſs ſo: Yet, to prove the true Reſpect I bear you, will not detain you here.—Perhaps, when left alone to meditate, you will think I deſerve not to be treated with ſo much Abhorrence.

He ſpoke this with an Air of ſo much real Grief, that I could not keep myſelf from being affected with it.—Ah, Sir, anſwer'd I, with ſome Commotion, I am far from feeling any Abhorrence of you; on the contrary, the Benefits I have received from you, make me regard you as my only Friend, my Patron, my Protector, and even to love you with the Affection of a Siſter.—— What more can you expect from a diſtreſſed and helpleſs Virgin, whoſe

Thoughts are all engroſſed with her Misfortunes, and the Loſs of her dear Parents, yet recent in her Mind?

Ah, *Mariamne!* cry'd he, with a Voice which expreſſed as much Satisfaction as that he had laſt ſpoke in was the Reverſe. All thou haſt loſt, thou ſhalt find amply reſtored in me.——I will ever be to thee more than all the World.——But, added he, if it be true you love me, as a Siſter ſhould, confirm it by permitting me ſuch an Embrace as a Brother ought not to be refuſed.

I now repented what I had ſaid, and ſhudder'd with Apprehenſions of the Conſequence, while he held me folded in his Arms for ſeveral Minutes, as he afterwards confeſſed, debating within himſelf, whether he ſhould make uſe of that

that Opportunity, which to him ſeem'd ſo favourable, to compleat his Wiſhes: But the real Tenderneſs he had for me got the better of his wild Deſires, and, thinking he had gained enough over me for that Time, he let me go, tho' with ſuch a Diſtraction in his Countenance, as made me ſenſible of the Riſque I had run,

All this Night I paſt in Anxieties not to be expreſſed.——I was as ſenſible as I ought to be of being in the Power of a Man who had delared ſo violent an Affection for me, and could yet ſee no Way to get out of it.——All my Reſource was to my Prayers, in which I continued till the Women came into my Chamber. I was no ſooner dreſſed, than they told me, that the *Dutchman* being about to depart, deſired to take

Leave of me; on which I ordered he ſhould be admitted. After expreſſing a great many good Wiſhes for me, he artfully introduced the little Likelihood there was that the *Engliſh* would do any thing for me; and told me, that he perceived the *Banyan* loved me, and he believed would make me his Wife.——His Wife! interrupted I, how is it poſſible a *Chriſtian* ſhould become the Wife of a *Pagan*, the very Difference of their Ceremonies in Marriage forbidding ſuch an Union?

All Marriages are alike in the Eye of Heaven, anſwered he, the Forms of them differ even in *Chriſtian* Countries; therefore I think you are unjuſt to yourſelf, if you refuſe ſo great a Fortune, as may be offered you in him, on ſo ſlight an Objection.—Were it

ſuch,

ſuch, reſum'd I, which yet I cannot allow, be aſſured I would ſuffer Death, rather than to take an *Indian* and an *Infidel* to my Arms.

He would have added ſomething to diſſuade me from this Reſolution; but I told him, I would hear nothing on that Head: On which he cried, That he wiſhed I never might repent it; for, ſaid he, you muſt conſider you are not Miſtreſs of yourſelf while under his Roof. ——— I know it but too well, anſwer'd I, and burſt into Tears. On which, he ſeeming very much moved, I once more thought I ought not to neglect this only Opportunity of trying my Fate; and, having diſcovered in him a mercenary Nature, ... ined that, if I could make it his Intereſt to be faithful to me, he would be ſo. I then laid

open

open all my Soul to him, concealed not the Declaration made me by the *Banyan*; the Averſion I had to any Propoſals of that Kind, and the Terrors I was hourly in on his Account: And then ventured to let him know, that if any thing could be invented for my Eſcape, I would quit his Houſe, and venture every thing that might befal me. If, therefore, continued I, you will be ſo good as to provide ſome Diſguiſe for me, I will go away by Night, and travel to the *Engliſh* Factory; who, I am certain, cannot be ſo inhumane as to refuſe me a Paſſage in one of their Ships to ſome *Chriſtian* Country, whence I may eaſily go to *France*. To recompence what Trouble you may take on this Occaſion, be aſſured, that as ſoon as I arrive at the *Factory*, I will beſtow

ſtow upon you this Ring; it is a Diamond of Value, and all my Ill-fortune has left me. In ſpeaking this I ſhewed the Jewel, the Glitter of which ſeemed to have all the Effect I wiſhed it ſhould upon him; and, after a very little Heſitation, he aſſured me, that within three Days I ſhould hear from him to my Satisfaction; but adviſed me, in the mean Time, to treat the *Banyan* in a Faſhion that ſhould give him room to hope I was leſs averſe to his Deſires, leſt a contrary Behaviour ſhould provoke him to have recourſe to Force.

I ſhook with Horror at the bare Mention of ſuch a Thing; and once more conjured him, with Tears in my Eyes, not to be unmindful of his Promiſe; which having aſſured me the Performance of, by repeated Oaths, he took

his

his Leave: And I ſet about preparing myſelf to follow his Inſtructions the beſt my natural Averſion to all Deceit would permit me.

In the firſt Place, thinking that if I ſtaid too long in my Chamber, the *Banyan* might ſuppoſe it was only to avoid him, I went down into the Hall, where I expected to find him, as was his Cuſtom, waiting to receive me; but now I was there, as near as I can gueſs, two Hours before he came: At laſt he entered, and had a Letter in his Hand. ——My dear *Mariamne*, ſaid he, how ſorry am I to be the Bearer of News which I fear will give you Pain, but you muſt be told it. I have juſt now received a Letter from one of the *Engliſh* Merchants, who aſſures me, in the Name of the whole *Factory*, that as there

there is at preſent ſo violent an Animoſity between the two Nations, nothing can be done for one of your's, eſpecially for a Perſon of the Family of one who was the intended Governor of *Iranadad*, and who, had he lived, had doubtleſs a Commiſſion to give what Annoyance he could to their Trade; ſo that now, continued he, you have indeed no Dependance but upon me.

My Heart ſunk in me while he ſpoke, but ſoon recovered itſelf, on the Belief that this was all an Artifice, as indeed it was, to reduce me to the Neceſſity of complying with his Will. Following the *Dutchman*'s Advice, I therefore only ſaid, Then I find there are Barbarians among *Chriſtians*.——Aye, returned he, with ſome Vehemence, ſuch as you will never find among the *Indians*;

Indians: And then went on with a long Detail of many Cruelties, Impoſitions, and fraudulent Dealings he pretended had been practiſed by the *European* Nations. Tho' I was far from giving Credit to what he ſaid on this Head, any more than what he had told me concerning myſelf; yet I contradicted nothing, and the whole Day ſo well ſupported an Affectation of good Humour, as, I imagined, paſſed upon him for Reality.——Alas! while I thought I was deceiving him, how cruelly was I deceived myſelf. I now ſeemed to give a leſs reluctant Ear to the Profeſſions he made me of his Love; ſuffered him to hold my Hand for Hours together, without offering to ſnatch it from him, and even to kiſs me without ſtruggling. He

ſeemed

ſeemed tranſported at my Condeſcenſion, and preſſing me to his Boſom, cry'd, O my *Mariamne!* ſhall I ever prevail on you to believe 'twill be your Happineſs, as well as mine, to allow me greater Favours? This Action making me fear I had over-acted my Part, I ſprung from his Embrace:——Remember, Sir, ſaid I, the Vow you have made, nor wound my Modeſty with Freedoms I ſhould be unworthy your Affection to permit. I yet am young, and a Virgin, nor can at once reſign my Heart: Grant me at leaſt a little Time. —You ſhall have all you aſk, reply'd he; but let that Time be limited. Say but you will be mine, and when, and I'll attend the bliſsful Hour with cold *European* Patience.———

I can-

I cannot promiſe any thing, ſaid I; but, if you love me truly, you will try how far my Gratitude, and the Reſpect I have at preſent for you, will work by Degrees upon my Soul.—— Well, I muſt be content, rejoined he, with what you are pleas'd to grant. After this I could perceive he was a little thoughtful, though he endeavoured to conceal it, but behaved to me with the ſame Tenderneſs as ever.

This continued for two Days, and Part of the third from the *Dutchman*'s Departure, during all which Time the Pain I was in, for fear he ſhould not keep his Word, and the Force I did myſelf in ſuffering the *Banyan*'s Importunities, rendered my Life very irkſume. At laſt I flattered myſelf with a Relief, at leaſt from the diſagreeable

Taſk

Taſk of Diſſimulation. The *Dutchman* came under the Pretence of ſearching for ſome Papers, which, if he had not left behind, he ſaid, were loſt, and were of great Conſequence to him; but, in reality, to ſlip a Letter into my Hand, which having done unperceived by any one, he went away again, and I took hold of the firſt Moment I was left alone, to ſee what he had given me contained. Theſe were the Words:

If you perſiſt in your Reſolution of leaving the Banyan's *Houſe, come into the Garden about Midnight, and by the Side of the Banquetting-Room you will find the Habit of a Slave. I thought that the propereſt Diſguiſe to conceal you; but I would ſtill adviſe you to give over the Thought of it, for I am afraid you will*

meet

meet a cold Reception from the Engliſh: *However, I fulfil my Promiſe, and will wait for you on the Back of the Garden, in order to conduct you where you ſo much wiſh to be.*

After reading this Billet I found myſelf more eaſy than one would believe it poſſible for one in my Circumſtances to be; but the Perſecution I received by the *Banyan*'s Solicitations, and the Terrors I was perpetually in of being diſhonoured by him in the End, were ſo ſtrongly imprinted in my Mind, that I trembled at no Difficulty, where a Proſpect of getting free appeared.

The *Banyan* being that Evening extremely preſſing for me to fix the Moment of his Happineſs: To-morrow, anſwer'd I, you ſhall know my Reſolution.—

tion.——Your Reſolution! cry'd he, that may be to doom me to Deſpair; but tell me, may I hope it will be in my Favour?——Yes, Sir, ſaid I, if you continue to deſire it.——That, you may be convinced, is paſt a Doubt, rejoin'd he; To-morrow, you ſay: Swear then by your God you will be mine To-morrow.——There is no anſwering for Events, ſaid I, (very cunningly as I then thought); but if I live, and ſee you To-morrow in the ſame Sentiments you now profeſs, I will refuſe you nothing.——But yet you have not ſworn reſumed he; confirm the charming Promiſe with a Vow, that I may be aſcertained of my Bliſs, and paſs this Night in Extacies of Imagination, which can be exceeded by nothing but the Reality of

of the next.——Well, then, to ſatisfy you, ſaid I, by the All-ſeeing Ruler of this wide Creation, I ſwear to keep inviolably the Promiſe I have made.

This, I thought, was very ſafe for me to do, being ſure of not ſeeing him on the Morrow; or at leaſt, if any unlucky and unforeſeen Accident, ſhould bring him where I was, he would have other Sentiments of me, when he found I had deceived him, than thoſe he entertained of me at preſent.——Unhappy Woman! little did I think what I had done, and of what dangerous Conſequence it is to ſport with Matters of a ſacred Nature.——This is a Guilt which ſtill hangs heavy on my Soul, and doubtleſs what has rendered me unworthy Heaven's Protection!

The

The *Banyan* appeared tranſported, and kiſſed my Hand ſeveral Times; but yet I thought with leſs Fervour than he was accuſtomed to; he alſo talked but little, and when I made a Motion to retire to my Chamber, he oppoſed it not, and only ſaid, embracing me at the ſame Time, Take heed, my lovely *Mariamne*, perform your Vow. I only ſmiled, and took my Leave, as I imagined, for the laſt Time, imputing the Alteration I could not but obſerve in his Behaviour, to an Exceſs of Joy, inſtead of the Reverſe, which was in reality the Caſe, and, with all the Artifice he was Maſter of, he was unable to diſſemble.

I thought no more of it, however; but, being got to my Chamber, ſuffer'd the

the Women to prepare me for Bed as uſual; but as ſoon as they were gone, I put on my Cloaths again, waiting impatiently for the appointed Time, which I was obliged to ſtay ſomewhat beyond, imagining I heard ſome Noiſe in the Houſe, as if all the Family were not in Bed. At laſt, finding all huſh'd and ſilent, I ventured down, and having opened the door ſoftly, paſt into the Garden, trembling at every Step, leſt ſome Accident ſhould retard my intended Flight, and then, ſaid I to myſelf, what will become of me after the Vow I have made?———

I met with nothing, however, to give me any Alarm, and on my coming to the Banqueting-Room, found the Habit as the *Dutchman*'s Letter had informed me.——I preſently exchanged my

my Taffety Robe for the Habit of a Slave, and got over the little Fence that parts that Side of the Garden from the Meadow, where I found my expected Guide, and put myſelf under his Conduct.

He told me I muſt arm myſelf with Patience, for we had many a weary Mile to travel, before we ſhould come to any ſecure Place of reſt; but I was ſo overjoyed at my Deliverance, that I thought I could walk for ever. We rather ran indeed, in order, as he ſaid, to gain a conſiderable Diſtance before I ſhould be miſſed, and conſequently purſued. We took our Way through a Wood, the gloomy Horror of which reminding me of what I had ſuffered in *Cayama*, gave me ſome little Shock; but apprehending nothing of that Dan-

ger from the preſent Companion of my Pilgrimage, as he was a Man far advanced in Years, I ſoon recovered myſelf from it.

We had not purſued our Journey above half a League, when all on a ſudden we heard a great Noiſe, and preſently found ourſelves encompaſſed by ſeveral Men, who all at once cried out, A Woman! A Woman! We will ſhare her among us. They fell upon the *Dutchman*, and, as I thought, kill'd him: Then ſeized on me, and made uſe of ſome Expreſſions, which, joined to the Surprize and Fright I was in before, took away my Senſes, and I fell down in a Swoon.

Whether any Attempts were made to bring me to myſelf, or not, or by what Means I was conveyed from that Place,

Place, I was not capable of knowing; but the firſt Objects that preſented themſelves to my returning Senſes, were the two Women who had been uſed to attend me, and who now ſeemed buſy in applying Things for my Recovery. My Brain was yet weak: I ſaw not preſently where I was, and though I perfectly knew them, the Idea of theſe dreadful Men, in whoſe Power I had been but a Moment before, to my thinking, was ſo ſtrong in my Head, that I talked of nothing but Rapes and Murders, which, had they not been acquainted with the Meaning of, would have made them imagine me in a Frenzy.

But this Delirium laſted but a ſhort Space; Reaſon returned, and ſhewed me what a Wretch I was, I found that

I was again in the Power of the *Banyan*, under his Roof, and on the ſame Bed as I had ever lain upon, ſince my being firſt preſented to him; but the Meaning of all this I could not yet fathom, or by what Means he could ſo ſuddenly have been appriſed of my Flight. I aſked the Women ſeveral Queſtions concerning this Adventure; but all the Satisfaction I could get from them was, That their Maſter would anſwer me. By this I gueſſed it would not be long before I ſaw the *Banyan*, and the Shame of having deceived him, joined to the Apprehenſions I before had of him, was ready to throw me into a ſecond Fainting. O! cry'd I, for what unknown Tranſgreſſion am I thus ſeverely perſecuted? Why does every Attempt I make, for the Preſervation of my threaten'd

threaten'd Virtue, involve it ſtill in greater Dangers? The Tears I ſhed, the Exclamations I utter'd, and the bitter Anguiſh of Mind I now endeavour'd not to conceal, might have moved the moſt flinty Heart to Compaſſion; but Heaven ſeemed to have abandoned me, and he who had now the Diſpoſal of my Fate had fixed my Doom.

It was Day before he entered, and though he had all the Marks of the moſt heavy Diſpleaſure on his Brow, I could perceive a ſullen Satisfaction through the Gloom. I was ſtill on the Bed, and as ſoon as he appeared, I pluck'd the Coverlet over my Face.——Well may you hide yourſelf, ungrateful and perfidious Maid, ſaid he; not only falſe to me, but to your God, who

teſtifies his Abhorrence of your Crimes, and, had he no greater Pity, would abandon you to all you ſeem moſt to dread.———But come, continued he, throwing off the Coverlet, let me ſee what Form that deceitful Face now wears, and whether it yet has Charms to diſarm my Indignation.——I wiſh not that it ſhould, cry'd I, with as much Courage as I could muſter up, and aſk no Favour but immediate Death. Since my hard Fate has again thrown me into you Power, kill me, and eaſe me of the Agonies I ſuffer, and yourſelf of the Diſquiets you feel on my Account.—— No, reſumed he, I have another, and more pleaſing Way of ſatisfying my Revenge; when that is compleated, you ſhall be free to diſpoſe of yourſelf as you think fit.——Prepare, continued he,

he, turning to the Women who were ſtill in the Room, this perverſe Creature in the beſt Manner you can to give me an Hour's Diverſion, then bring her to my Chamber. He went out with theſe Words, and the mortal Agonies I then was in would not permit me to call him back, or impede the dreadful Purport of them.

Theſe Creatures then, who had no Senſe of Womanhood, or Notion but of obeying their imperious Maſter, began to ſtrip off the Habit I had on, and by Force dreſſed me in a rich *Indian* Gown; I all the Time weeping, tearing my Hair, and invoking Heaven to ſtrike me dead that Moment.

In the Horrors I then was, could I have come at any Inſtrument of Death, I doubtleſs had forgot the Principles of

Chriſtianity, and put an End to my unhappy Days: But the Deſpair I teſtified making them apprehenſive of the Conſequences, Care was taken to prevent any ſuch Effect, and I was conducted, or rather dragged, to the Place where I expected to have what was dearer far to me than Life, ſacrificed to brutal Luſt and Cruelty.

Whether the Sight of my Diſtreſs moved him with ſome little Pity, I know not, but his Countenance ſeemed to have loſt great Part of its late Fierceneſs, and making a Sign to thoſe that brought me, to leave us alone together,——Well, *Mariamne*, ſaid he, is it thus that you endeavour to abate my juſt Reſentment? Is it by Tears and ſullen Silence you think to win me to a Forgetfulneſs of what is paſt?—— I would now have ſpoke, but ſome-

thing

thing roſe in my Throat, and ſtopt the Paſſage of my Words, and I could, for a conſiderable Time, anſwer only with Sobs, Groans, and all the Symptoms of an unutterable Grief.———

Obſtinate, fooliſh Girl, cry'd he, I might rather have expected you would have eſſayed to awaken in me that Tenderneſs, which ſo long pleaded in your Favour. Where are now thoſe Arts, the counterfeited Softneſs and Regard you could Yeſterday ſo well put on, in order to deceive me? This Reproach ſhewed me the Power of Guilt over the conſcious Heart; as this was the only real Crime he had to accuſe me of, it entirely deſtroyed all that little Reſolution I had ſummoned to my Aid, and Shame enervated the Diſdain and Rage I was poſſeſſed of at the Beginning of

his Diſcourſe.——If my Words contradicted my Actions, anſwered I, caſting down my Eyes, it was cruel Neceſſity enforced me to it. Heaven knows I wiſh not to diſſemble with you, and I now again, with the moſt perfect Sincerity, avow my Heart was never inſenſible of your Favours, though incapable of being touched with your Love.—

O! thou ſly Evader, reſum'd he, could'ſt thou be grateful for the Effects, yet ungrateful to the Cauſe from whence they ſprung? What Motive, but my Love, induced me to give thee my Protection? And what Return, but Love, hadſt thou to make me?——

I know not what it is to love, ſaid I; but have been told it is not the Effect of Choice, but Chance; a ſecret Sympathy, which attaches us in ſpite of ourſelves,

ourſelves, to the beloved Object.—— True, anſwered he, and you have found a Proof of it in me: I have lov'd you, *Mariamne*, lov'd you againſt my Will; but what I did by Compulſion, you ſhould have endeavour'd to have done by Gratitude and Reaſon. That you have ſtill too great an Aſcendant over me, even my preſent Behaviour may make you ſee; but I will break the Enchantment, which ſo much debaſes me, and think of you no otherwiſe than as a Woman, and as ſuch compel you to aſſiſt my Pleaſures.

In ſpeaking this he took hold of me with a Violence, which left me no Ground to hope I could eſcape.——I threw myſelf at his Feet, conjured him to have Pity on my Youth and Innocence; entreated his Forgiveneſs for the Decep-

Deception I had put on him; or, if he would not grant it, to puniſh me by another Way than that he had threatened. But he ſeemed deaf to all I ſaid; at laſt, If not for mine, cry'd I, for your own Sake refrain this horrid Violation: Remember you have ſworn by all your Gods never to have recourſe to Force; O think on the Guilt of Perjury.

I was going on, but he interrupted me at that Word, O thou Hypocrite, ſaid he, with what Front canſt thou name Perjury, when thou thyſelf art doubly guilty of it? Didſt thou not vow by thy own God, that if alive, and in my Power this Day, thou wouldſt refuſe me nothing? Why then this Reſiſtance, unleſs to make me guilty too?——Hold, Sir, reply'd I, the

I, the Vow you upbraid me with I own; own too I made it to deceive you, and beg you to forgive the only Offence I ever willingly committed againſt you: But, Sir, be alſo pleaſed to remember it was conditional, and could not bind, without you retain'd the ſame Sentiments for me as at the Time I made it: Which now, after this Detection of my Fraud, I am ſure you do not, cannot.

Then you allow it binding if I did, rejoin'd he?—Moſt certainly, anſwer'd I, nor durſt I have departed from it, however averſe by Inclination to fulfil it.—Then hear me, ſaid he, by your own Words you are condemned: My Sentiments are the ſame of you at this Moment, as when you made that Vow. To prove it, know I was acquainted

with

with every Method you took in order to impoſe upon me: The Letter given you by the *Dutchman* was wrote by my Hand: The Diſguiſe laid for you by myſelf; the Perſons who ſurpriſed you in the Foreſt no other than my own Servants, in the Rear of whom I was in Perſon; nor quitted Sight of you till laid on the Bed, and Means were uſed for your Recovery. Thus, continued he, knowing your Fraud as well before your Flight as after, I could not have other Sentiments of you then, than thoſe I now retain.

I now became ſadly convinced I was caught in my own Snare, and had not one Argument to offer in Oppoſition to his Reaſons; all I could do to vent the Anguiſh of my Mind, was, to exclaim againſt the treacherous *Dutchman*, who

who had ſeemed to favour my Deſign, ſeduced me by his pernicious Advice, and betrayed me in ſo cruel a Manner.

The *Banyan* ſuffered me to evaporate my Rage a while, and then taking me in his Arms, Come, *Mariamne*, ſaid he, muſt we both be perjur'd? You, in refuſing what you have ſworn to yield, and I in uſing a Violence it is neither in my Nature nor my Principles to be guilty of? Or will you unreluctant reſign yourſelf to me, and ſave our Souls a Crime mine ſhudders at, though determin'd to commit?

What could I now ſay! How avoid what Fate ſeemed to have ordained for me? Bound by an Oath, I durſt not even refuſe what I would rather have died a thouſand Deaths than have granted:

granted: Yet willing the cruel Sacrifice ſhould be performed with the greateſt Shew of Decency I could; I have nothing, Sir, to urge, anſwer'd I, againſt the Juſtice of your Claim: I acknowledge myſelf yours by Compact, and dare not oppoſe your ſeizing the Forfeit.

But, Sir, you then profeſſed to love me honourably, expreſſed a Wiſh to paſs your whole Life with me: If what you ſaid was ſincere, the Gratification of your Deſires on my unhappy Perſon ought to be introduced with a certain Ceremony.——I underſtand you, cry'd he, and, to prove how little I deſerve the Treatment you have given me, will ſtill make you my Wife. O *Mariamne!* purſued he, preſſing my trembling, but

now

now yielding, Lips, with all thy Faults, thou ſtill art dear to my fond Heart.

Name what is paſt no more, ſaid I, if you would eſtabliſh in my Breaſt that Tranquility which alone can make our future Happineſs; and, in return, I now ſwear with the utmoſt Sincerity, that, however averſe my Soul has been to your Deſires, I will henceforward endeavour to regard you with an equal Degree of Tenderneſs; never be repugnant to your Will, diſobedient to your Commands, nor refractory to your Embraces; but behave in all Things as a Wife would do, who became ſo by her own Choice and Inclination.

It is not poſſible for any Words to expreſs the Extaſy he was in at this Proteſtation; nor could he himſelf teſtify it, but by incoherent Phraſes and bro-

ken

ken Sentences: Is it poſſible! cry'd he. May I believe thee? Then kiſſed, embraced, and held me to his Breaſt with a Tenderneſs, which, as it had nothing in it offenſive to Modeſty, did really abate great Part of the Diſtaſte his Colour had been uſed to give me.

Fain would he have had the Marriage ſolemnized that Day; but I prevailed with him to delay it to the next, alledging, that my laſt Night's Fatigue, join'd to the Hurry of Spirits the ſtrange Alterations in my Fortune had occaſioned, required I ſhould paſs this alone. You need not apprehend, ſaid I, any Attempt of deceiving you a ſecond Time, I too much repent the firſt; and thoſe Hours I am abſent from you ſhall be employed in ſtudying Ways to atone for that Tranſgreſſion.

This obliging Behaviour won him to grant my Requeſt, and all the Remainder of that Day was paſt in Demonſtrations of the extreameſt Love on his Part, and Gratitude on mine. And though 'tis certain I could not bring myſelf all at once to be perfectly contented with my Fate, yet I was much more reſigned to it than ſome Days before I could have imagined: The Horrors of it by Degrees diminiſhed, and the Tenderneſs, the Conſideration he ſtill had of me, in ſpite of all I had done to diſoblige him, made me think, that if I could not love, I ought not to hate him.

How ridiculous is it, ſaid I to myſelf, to confine our Liking to what is mearly owing to the Difference of Climates? Had I been born in *India*, I

ſhould

ſhould have been of the ſame Colour with the *Banyan:* And what, except a Skin, is wanting, to render his Perſon as agreeable as any *European* I have ever ſeen? While I was thus ruminating, I looked earneſtly upon him, and my Sentiments being at that Moment very much in his Favour, they doubtleſs gave an unuſual Softneſs to my Eyes. He inſtantly perceived it, and though we were then at Supper, ſtarted from his Seat, and throwing his Head upon my Breaſt, cried, O my *Mariamne*! may I believe thoſe Looks of yours have any Correſpondence with your Heart? —— Believe every thing, ſaid I, bluſhing, that may add to your Contentment on my Score. I promiſed to endeavour to love you, a few Hours hence it will be my Duty to do ſo;

and

and I hope, when once that ſacred Ceremony is paſt, I ſhall fulfil it. I had no ſooner ſpoke theſe Words, than a ſudden Thought came into my Head, which gave me ſome Diſquiet; and the Moment I had diſengaged myſelf from his Arms, I communicated it to him. Sir, ſaid I, in what Manner is our Marriage to be perform'd? For if it as not according to the Rights of the *Chriſtian* Church, I never ſhall be able to believe myſelf legally your Wife.——You would not be eſteem'd ſo in this Country, anſwered he, if not united to me in the Forms appointed by the *Indian* Worſhip; nor could I, at my Death, in caſe it happens before yours, leave you as I would wiſh to do. Beſides, added he, if you conſider that I am a *Banyan*, and a Man bound to uphold

uphold the Religion I profeſs, you will allow I could not marry otherwiſe.

I knew very well that what he ſaid was reaſonable; yet the Thoughts of pledging my Vows in the Pagod of an Idol was ſo terrible a Shock to me, that I could not get over the Melancholy it occaſioned it: In vain he endeavoured to render me more chearful; I carried the moſt gloomy Meditations to my Chamber, and paſt great Part of the Night in Tears.——Doubts of forfeiting my eternal Salvation ſtruck me with Horror; but then again I conſidered, that if Heaven reſolved to look on what I was about to do with an unforgiving Eye, it would not have oppoſed all the Meaſures I had taken to avoid the Crime.

This

This Suggeſtion gave ſome Eaſe to my deſpairing Mind, and, that I might be really a Wife, which I could not be brought to believe the *Indian* Ceremony would make me, I reſolved to repeat internally, while the other was performing, that of the *Chriſtian* Church.

Early in the Morning the two Women who conſtantly attended me came in, with ſeveral others, and equipt me indeed in a very ſumptuous Manner for my Nuptials, and then conducted me to the *Banyan*, who I found alſo very richly dreſt. I told him in his Ear the Expedient I had formed to ſatisfy my Scruples: At which he ſmiled, and anſwered, That he was glad I had found any thing to make me more ſatisfied with my Lot. A numerous Train of *Banyans* and others, whom he

he had invited to be Witneſſes of our Marriage, immediately enter'd, and we went in Proceſſion to the Place appointed for the Ceremony.

But, O my dear *Amelia*, if you carefully examine the Papers annexed to this little Hiſtory, in which I have ſet down the Forms preſcribed by the *Chriſtian* Nations, for our Marriages, for our initiating of Infants into the Church, for our Viſitation of the Sick, our Preparations for Eternity, and at our Interments, I flatter myſelf you will find ſo wide a Difference between thoſe ſolemn and truly pious Rites and the wild Ceremonies of the *Pagan* Worſhip, that you will learn to love and venerate the one, and deſpiſe and hate the other.

Here

Here ended the Calamities of my *Virgin* State; but alas! only to begin again in that of a *Wife:* For though never Woman, poſſeſſed of an unworthy Paſſion, ever labour'd more than I did to cheriſh a lawful one for him, who was now my Huſband; yet could I not bring myſelf to feel any of thoſe Ardours, which, they ſay, ought to accompany the Union between Man and Woman.

As I thought it my Duty to be fond, I returned his Endearments in the beſt Manner I could, yet were they ſo infinitely ſhort of thoſe I received, that a leſs-penetrating Eye than his might eaſily perceive the Difference: He complained of it at firſt in the moſt tender Terms, omitted nothing that might excite in me a greater Warmth of Af-

fection; yet all in vain, my Soul remain'd inſenſible of thoſe furious Emotions of Delight, with which he met me after a very little Abſence, and was indeed amazed at them in him.

'Tis certain, had he lov'd me with leſs Exceſs, we had been more happy: Poſſeſſion was ſo far from making any Abatement in the Wildneſs of his Paſſion, that every Day I found the Effects of its Increaſe. He would hang whole Hours together upon my Neck, gaze on my Face with ſuch Earneſtneſs, as though each Look was to be his laſt; aſk if I lov'd him? yet prevent the Anfwer he deſired by ſtifling me with Kiſſes. As I had then a tolerable Voice, and ſome Judgment in Muſick, he often bad me ſing; but I no ſooner had begun, than ſome fond Act of Dotage

Dotage obliged me to break off. In fine, though the Teſtimonies he gave me of his Paſſion would, to a Perſon who loved to the ſame Degree, have been tranſporting, they ſeemed to me Folly and Madneſs, and were ſo far from heightening my Eſteem, that I was obliged to make uſe of all my Efforts to conceal the Diſſatisfaction they occaſioned me.

As he was never eaſy out of my Sight, I took Notice to him one Day, That his ſtaying ſo much in the Country was a Prejudice to his Affairs; and aſked when he thought of going to Town? On which he told me, He had ordered every thing for our Departure in three or four Days: For, ſaid he, I intend you ſhall go with me; I could tranſact no Buſineſs, my Head would

be incapable of any thing at ſuch a Diſtance from my *Mariamne*. It was neceſſary for me to feign myſelf highly contented with my Journey, though in reality I ſhould much rather have choſe to indulge my Meditations in that agreeable Solitude.

On our Arrival we received the Viſits of ſeveral *Indian* Families, who congratulated my Huſband on his Choice, and made many flattering Compliments on my Beauty: But he always ſeem'd averſe to my going much abroad; and as I was not at all deſirous of any Converſation with the *Indians*, I readily enough complied with his Inclinations in that Point.

I ſoon after became pregnant, and the *Banyan* having diſcovered it, inſiſted on my accompanying him to the Temple,

Temple, to invoke the Bleſſing of the Idol worſhipped there for a happy Birth. It was, he told me, a Cuſtom that was not to be diſpenſed with, but eſpecially in the Wife of a *Banyan*; and that, if I refuſed to go, he ſhould incur the Cenſure of all his Country as a Favourer of *Chriſtianity*. On this I did not make many Scruples, but reſolved to make my Heart the Temple of my Devotions, and direct my Prayers to that God, who knows the moſt ſecret Receſſes of it.

I was conducted to the *Pagod* in a cloſe Sedan, and attended by the greateſt Part of our Domeſticks: The *Banyan*, with ſeveral of his Friends, met me at the Entrance, and led me to the Pillar on which the Idol is placed; where, having finiſhed my Oriſons, the

ridiculous Ceremonies that enſued filled me at once with Wonder and Deteſtation.

All being over, the *Banyan* was leading me to my Sedan, when four or five *Engliſh* Gentlemen, excited I ſuppoſe by Curioſity to ſee the *Indian* Worſhip, were coming in. They ſeemed to know my Huſband, and ſaluted him in the moſt courteous Manner; but had their Eyes immediately fixed on me with Tokens of Admiration; which giving him ſome Alarm, he ſcarce returned the Civilities they paid him, and made what Haſte he could to thruſt me into the Sedan.

The Habit of theſe Perſons aſſuring me they were *Europeans*, I doubted not but they were of the *Engliſh* Factory: And the *Banyan*, on my aſking him, told me that they were. On which I ſaid,

ſaid, That, if he approved of it, I ſhould be glad to be made acquainted with their Ladies, as I ſuppoſed ſome of them, who were ſettled there, had Wives and Families. He anſwered me, That on many Accounts it would be improper; but chiefly, that to converſe with *Chriſtians* would make it ſuppoſed that I ſtill retained the ſame Principles, and as it was abſolutely neceſſary for his Intereſt to take off any ſuch Suſpicion, he deſired I would not think of it. Beſides, added he, with a Smile, to ſee theſe white People often, will renew in you all that Averſion you once had for my Colour, and which I have too much Reaſon to fear is not yet altogether diſſipated.

Theſe Words I thought diſcovered ſomething of a jealous Nature in him,

and as I knew it was the Intereſt of my Peace as well as my Duty to give him no Cauſe of Offence that Way, I aſſured him with the moſt paſſionate Tenderneſs I was capable of aſſuming, That I had no Wiſh equal to that of pleaſing him, and would be glad it were in my Power to prove my Affection for him by much greater Sacrifices than the Trifle I had mentioned. Ah *Mariamne!* cry'd he, how happy ſhould I be to believe this obliging Proteſtation: But alas, there is a Teſt I long have wiſhed to put you to, which I much doubt your Love for me would not be able to get over. It is, my Dear, continued he, that you would be prevailed upon to throw off the Prejudice of Education, renounce the fooliſh Principles your Youth imbibed, and become in Verity as

as true a *Pagan* as the Neceſſity of our Affairs has obliged you to pretend.—— Then, then, added he, embracing me, ſhould we be one Soul indeed: Then I ſhall believe you truly love me, which till then I never can.——

O ſay not ſo, I conjure you, anſwer'd I; for though I never can exchange my Faith, or bow my Body in Reality to Gods of Wood or Stone; yet I would die to prove you are, next Heaven, deareſt to my Soul. The Earneſtneſs with which I ſpoke theſe Words giving him an Opinion they were ſincere, as indeed they were, (for though I loved him not with Paſſion, yet I loved none but him) made him the leſs diſpleaſed at the Contempt I teſtified of his Religion, and he forbore to urge me any farther at that Time, nor indeed

at any other, till after I had brought you into the World.

But, O my dear *Amelia*, what Horrors did my poor Heart feel, when regarding you with all a Mother's Tenderneſs, I reflected that you muſt be trained up in Infidelity, taught to deſpiſe the Faith of your Anceſtors, and abjure the Power that gave you Being! Few Opportunities I had for Prayers, but thoſe I had were all employed, that Heaven, who had by ſuch ſtrange Accidents brought me among *Pagans*, might by Ways unforeſeen conduct you among *Chriſtians*. Every Time I conſidered you had not received Baptiſm my Soul ſhook within me; and one Day, when I was alone, I got a Baſon of Water, and repeating as much as I could remember of the ſacred Ceremony of Conſecration, I dipt

your

your little Head into it, gave you the Sign of *Chriſtianity*, and beſeeched Him in whoſe Name I did it to accept you as an Offering from my Hands, ſince I was denied the Aſſiſtance of a Perſon whoſe Office it properly was. I was in the Midſt of this Act of Devotion when the *Banyan* came and ſurprized me. He had, it ſeems, been preſent at this Ceremony, and therefore was not ignorant what I was about, as the Rage which ſparkled in his Eyes too well convinced me.

Vain, fooliſh Woman! cry'd he; how durſt thou practiſe theſe Follies on a Child of mine? But dearly ſhalt thou pay for this Abuſe of my Indulgence.— Here, continue he, calling in ſome Women who were waiting in the next Room, take this Babe, and let her be convey'd

where

where the firſt Words ſhe is taught to ſpeak, ſhall be to curſe the *Chriſtians*. I was at firſt ſo ſeized with Terror, that I could not open my Lips; but at theſe Words I fell on my Knees, and, in the beſt Terms I could, begged him to moderate his Indignation; but all I ſaid was ineffectual; he tore you, ſcreaming as if ſenſible of your Misfortune, from my ſtruggling Arms, and made you be carried from my Sight; on which, forgetting all that before I had thought the Duty of a Wife, and regardleſs of what he might do to me, I burſt into the moſt violent Exclamations againſt his Cruelty, againſt his Gods, and deplored my own Fate, for ſubjecting me to the Power of ſuch a Barbarian; nay, I think I even called him Monſter; and, what

ſtung

ſtung him yet more, ſaid he was in Malice, as in Colour, of a Piece with Hell.

This laſt Reflection on his Perſon, which he had always ſuſpected was diſagreeable to me, ſo put him paſt all Patience, that, without thinking what he did, he drew his Dagger, and, as I thought, was going to put an End to my wretched Life, but he only gave me a Blow on my Head with the Flat of it, which however ſtruck me to the Ground, and for a Time took away both my Speech and Senſes.

How he behaved after he ſaw me fall, I know not, nor did ever give myſelf the Trouble of enquiring, ſo entirely had this laſt Action deſtroyed all that Tenderneſs I had for ſo many Months been labouring to eſtabliſh: All my

Care

Care was for my little *Amelia*, and, as ſoon as I came to myſelf, I aſked where you were ſent? My Women then told me, that you were yet in the Houſe, but how you were to be diſpoſed of they knew not, and adviſed me to ſubmit myſelf to the *Banyan*, who they doubted not would be prevailed upon to ſuffer you to continue with me, eſpecially as I gave you ſuck, and it might be prejudicial to you if removed to any other Breaſt.

As I knew his Fondneſs of you, I was of their Opinion; but it was not preſently I could think of ever ſpeaking more with any Shew of Tenderneſs, to a Man who had treated me as a Slave.

At length, however, my Love and Care of you got the better of my Reſentment,

ment, and I conſented they ſhould bear a Meſſage from me in what Terms they thought would have moſt Effect upon him, to prevent his ſending you out of the Houſe. They went, and ſoon after returned with you in their Arms; but told me, that if I hoped to retain any Part of their Maſter's Affection, or keep you always with me, I muſt humble myſelf to him in Perſon.

As my wretched Lot had ſubjected me to his Authority, it had indeed been the moſt prudent Step I could have taken; but the Pride of Blood now aiding my Diſdain at his unworthy Uſage, made the Thoughts of ever ſeeing him more inſupportable to me. 'Tis ſure that nothing but the Danger of being ſeparated from you, could ever have made

made me bend to a Man, in all Things but his Power ſo much my Inferior, and whom I had not now the leaſt Remains of Conſideration for.

Several Days did I ſupport this Reſolution, in every one of which the Women remonſtrated to me, that my Obſtinacy ſo incenſed the *Banyan*, that it would infallibly occaſion the Loſs of my Child.

This terrified me for a Moment; but then my Vanity ſuggeſted, that thoſe Charms, which once had ſo great an Influence over him, would ſtill get the better of his Haughtineſs, and the Impoſſibility of living without me force him to be the firſt that ſhould deſire a Reconciliation, and then I might make my own Conditions. But theſe Expectations deceived me; he came not, nor ſent,

ſent, till with the cruel Order of depriving me of you. I now tore my Hair and Garments, and at laſt bid the Meſſenger intreat of him to permit me to come into his Chamber, and if he then inſiſted on my delivering the Infant, I would do it.

I was told that it was not without a great deal of Difficulty he was won to grant my Requeſt; and I believe, by the Manner in which he received me, I was informed no more than the Truth. All that Softneſs, that Regard, with which he was wont to look upon me, and on which I had ſo much depended, ſeemed vaniſhed, as if it had never been; and caſting his Eyes towards me with the Air of an imperious Maſter, rather than a tender Huſband, Woman, what is it you would have? ſaid

ſaid he; briefly relate the Subject of your Petition.——I come, Sir, anſwered I, trembling between the Conſtraint I put upon myſelf, and the Fears of not ſucceeding, to deliver up this Infant to you, and withal to conjure you to command my Death at the ſame Time; for after the Loſs of your Affection, and the Preſence of my dear Child, I cannot wiſh to live.

Death may indeed be preferable, anſwered he, fiercely, to living with me; but ſince that Diſcovery of your Sentiment, I have been kind enough to keep out of your Sight.

'Tis Actions ſpeak the Heart, ſaid I ſobbing, and ought to be regarded, when a few raſh Words, enforced by an Extremity of Paſſion are forgot: Mine were no more, and if you loved, you

you would forgive.——Had they been ſuch, interrupted he, you would long ere this have repented of them, and implored that Pardon, which you even now hardly vouchſafe to aſk.——— Will then, cry'd I, falling at his Feet, this humble Poſture move you to believe? On my Knees I humbly beg all Animoſities between us may be no more remembered, and that you will not part me from my Child.

He ſeemed a little touched with theſe Words, and the Tears that accompanied them, and either through his Conſideration of you, or ſome Remains of Tenderneſs for me, vouchſafed, though in the moſt haughty Terms, a Grant of my Requeſt, on this Condition, that I would bind myſelf by a moſt ſolemn Oath, never, as you grew up, to attempt

tempt inſpiring you with any Notions of the *Chriſtian* Faith.

I was obliged to yield to this Injunction, hard as it was, and you know, my *Amelia*, how religiouſly I have obſerved it; but with my Life all Obligations ceaſe; and I hope what I bequeath, as the only and beſt Legacy I could give you at my Death, will have ſome Influence over you.

It is now, at the Time of my writing this, twelve Years ſince the Quarrel I have been relating happened, yet has there never been a perfect Reconciliation between us.

Convinced by what I had ſaid, that all the Tenderneſs he had for me had never made a real Impreſſion on my Heart, his Pride would not permit him to ſhew any Marks of its Continuance.

I, on

I, on the other Side, not able to forgive the contemptuous Blow I had received, uſed no Efforts to make him think I had a more favourable Opinion of him. Jealouſy of his Honour, or perhaps a Pleaſure he takes in denying me all that would give me any Satiſfaction, makes him keep me in a continual Impriſonment.——

A Stranger in a Place where I have lived ſo many Years; I breathe not the freſh Air beyond the Precincts of our own Grounds; know not the Face of any Creature but our own Domeſticks; partake of no Diverſion, enjoy no Converſation but my own melancholy Thoughts; and ſometimes, what is yet leſs agreeable, the Company of a Man, who from the utmoſt Exceſs, and even troubleſome Degree of Dotage, now behaves

behaves with the moſt ſtabbling Indifference; ſits by me either in a ſullen Silence, or entertains me with malicious Jeſts on the Alteration of my Perſon. All this I bear with a ſeeming Patience, as the Ills I ſuffer are without a Remedy; but a ſecret Grief preys on my Vitals: Withered in my Bloom, moped, ſpiritleſs, I paſs my Days in a waſting Anguiſh, which Life cannot long ſuſtain.

The dreadful Solitude I long have lived in, has given me Opportunity to write you this Account of myſelf, and the Papers you will find encloſed: All I have to aſk of Heaven is, that they may have due Weight with you to make you become a *Chriſtian* in your Heart; as to an exterior Shew of it, at leaſt while the *Banyan* lives, I can neither expect

expect nor desire. Remember that, though he has been my *Tyrant*, yet he is your *Father*; and you must not only *obey*, but also *oblige* him in all things wherein your Conscience is not concern'd; but above all things, if it be possible, my dear *Amelia*, avoid marrying a *Pagan*; for that would be binding yourself for ever to Idolatry, and perhaps make you the Mother of a Race of Misbelievers; a Crime which would render you no less cruel to them than I should be to you, if I forbore giving you those Instructions at my Death, which I was bound by Oath never to reveal in Life.

Farewel, my dear, dear Child! As before you read this I shall be releas'd from this Vale of Misery, be assured I am continually making Intercession to the

the Throne of Mercy, both for your mortal and immortal Happineſs.

I muſt add, as a Supplement to this Hiſtory, ſaid *Lydia*, That when *Amelia*'s poor Mother found her Hour of Diſſolution was at hand, ſhe called her to her Bedſide, and after giving her her Bleſſing, put into her Hands a little Caſket, in which ſhe always kept ſome rich Jewels and other Trinkets, preſented her by my Father in his Days of Fondneſs. My dear Child, ſaid ſhe, this is all I have to give you; but you will find in it ſomething well worthy of preſerving. I charge you, however, not to open it till after my Deceaſe, and be careful that none look into it but yourſelf; for if they do, you will be deprived of the moſt valuable Treaſure

ſure in it, and all my Endeavours for your Happineſs render'd fruſtrate.

She died the Moment after ſhe had given her this Command, and *Amelia* was in too much Grief to think of the Caſket; at laſt, remembering the Emphaſis with which ſhe laid an Injunction on her concerning it, ſhe took an Opportunity when ſhe was alone of opening it, and found this Narrative of her Misfortunes, and all the Articles of the *Chriſtian* Faith, with a Tranſcript of the moſt material Inſtitutions of it.

She now diſcovered the Reaſon that her Father had frequently aſked her, if ever her Mother had talked to her concerning any of the fooliſh Cuſtoms, as he called them, of her Country; and could not avoid pitying that poor Lady, who muſt doubtleſs have been

under a very great Reſtraint in the Forbearance. *Amelia* uſed frequently to read over what her Mother had wrote, and found ſo wide a Difference between the Principles of her Religion and that ſhe had been brought up in, that ſhe deſired nothing more than to be able to put them in Practice. The Perſon, Character, and Circumſtances of her Huſband favouring this Inclination in her, made her reſolve to act in the Manner I have related to you; and tho' ſhe has been guilty of Diſobedience to her Father, I flatter myſelf the Motive will abſolve her.

Caſtalio, *Juliana*, and the whole Company expreſſed their Thanks to the generous *Lydia*, and after Compliments on this Occaſion were a little over, As much as I commiſerate the Miſ-

Misfortunes of Madam *de Paux*, ſaid *Lotharia*, looking full on *Juliana*, I have reap'd no inconſiderable Satisfaction by the Repetition, which is, that a certain fair Lady has not a Heart altogether ſo inſenſible of the woes of Love, as ſhe would have it thought, at leaſt if Tears are any Indication of an innate Tenderneſs.

That young Beauty bluſhed exceſſively at being thus publickly particularized by a Nobleman whom the World gave her as an Admirer; but *Caſtalio* perceiving her Diſorder, came to her Relief: How ready are you Men, cry'd ſhe, briſkly, to interpret every thing to your own Advantage? The uncommon Afflictions of ſo admirable a Lady cannot fail of exciting the utmoſt Compaſſion: But, good my

Lord, remember we wept that her hard Fate condemn'd her to a Man, who, notwithſtanding he is the Father of her, muſt be confeſſed was every way unworthy of her; and that the Story has nothing in it that can give Occaſion to your Sex to exult, ſince ſhe ſuffer'd not becauſe ſhe *lov'd*, but becauſe ſhe did *not* love.

For my Part, ſaid *Lothario*, I think the *Banyan* deſerves his Share of Pity too: She, who was the beſt Judge of it, has herſelf confeſſed that his Paſſion was no leſs ſincere than violent; and indeed all his Actions before, and for ſome Time after Marriage, leave no Room to doubt it: How great therefore muſt be his Agonies, his Diſappointment, when convinced that all he was able to do had made no Impreſſion on her

her Heart, that ſhe was his but by Compulſion, and that the Love he had for her, and the Proofs he gave her of it, ſerved only to render her more unhappy. This indeed muſt be allowed, that *Mariamne*, from the firſt Knowledge of his Intentions, teſtified the Averſion ſhe had for being united to him, and yielded to Marriage only to prevent him from gratifying his Deſires in a leſs honourable Way; and had he then quitted her, then left her the Liberty of diſpoſing herſelf as ſhe thought fit, his Character would have been truly amiable; we ſhould then have admired and praiſed him for ſo generous an Act; whereas now we can only compaſſionate the Force of an ungovern'd Flame, which retorted on himſelf all the Unhappineſs he gave.

It is the moſt miſtaken Notion that can be, rejoin'd *Juliana*, to imagine that a fix'd Diſlike can ever be converted into Love: Many a Woman who has been compelled to marry againſt her Inclination, has been able, through the Strength of her Virtue, to fulfil all the Obligations of her Place; but I dare anſwer there never was one who had it in her Power to *love* merely becauſe it was her *Duty*: She may ſtrive, like the beautiful Mother of *Amelia*, but all her Endeavours will be vain; and, if her Lover makes uſe either of the Power her Friends have over her, or that which ſome Accident has given to himſelf, to lay her under a Neceſſity of marrying him after her declared Averſion, it ſhews a Selfiſhneſs in him, and a Want

a Want of Delicacy, which muſt add to the Diſlike ſhe before had of him.

It muſt, however, be acknowledged the greateſt Act of Self-denial, and indeed the utmoſt Perfection of human Reaſon, ſaid *Doraſtus*, to conquer the wild Emotions which proceed from Love, when the Opportunity of gratifying them is fully in our Power: Few are there who, having ſubdued all other Obſtacles, can ſubdue themſelves. I have an Acquaintance, who, ſetting aſide the Impetuoſity of his Paſſions, is a Man of ſtrict Honour, and perfect Good-nature; yet was he lately hurried to attempt what I am certain he would ſeverely have repented of, if accompliſhed. It was my good Fortune, or rather his, to give a ſeaſonable Interruption;

terruption; which though he ſeemed highly to reſent in the Moment of Diſappointment, he return'd me Thanks for it the next Day.

FINIS.

John Nelson His book